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The Comedy of Errors

WITH

THE STORY OF THE PLAY FROM

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

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PREFACE.

THIS edition of *The Comedy of Errors* was undertaken at the invitation of the Board of Studies in English of the University of Calcutta. Some obscure and indelicate passages have been omitted from the text—mostly excrescences put in the margin or marked as spurious by earlier editors. These it was found possible to prune away, not only without the least detriment to the play, but greatly to its advantage.

It is believed that this little masterpiece of plot-construction—the shortest and simplest and one of the most diverting among Shakespeare's early comedies—will be found to be a suitable introduction to the study of his graver and more mature dramas.

I take this opportunity to acknowlege, as on a former occasion, my obligations to Miss M. D. Whitehouse, M.A., and to my colleague Rev. A. Warren, B.A., for their courtesy in reading my proofs and giving me many valuable suggestions in the preparation of this book.

J. C. S.

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THE PLAN OF THIS BOOK.

The attention of the student is directed at the outset to the following paragraphs, which will furnish him with an explanatory key to the system that has been followed in the preparation of the present text-book :

1. Each page has its own heading, drawing attention to the salient point in the text beneath. Together these form a running commentary on the whole play.

2. The notes given at the bottom of each page are graded according to the following scheme :

(*a*) Those in larger type (bourgeois) are what the student is likely to need at the first reading of the play, when his endeavour will be to master its subject-matter.

(*b*) Not till this foundation has been laid should he proceed to the detailed study of the text, when the notes in smaller type (minion) may claim his attention.

(*c*) Notes enclosed in square brackets [ ] are intended chiefly for teachers and advanced students. These deal with critical and textual niceties, controversial questions, matters of antiquarian interest, etc.

3. Use has been made of CAPITALS to distinguish words or groups of words from the rest of the text. This has been done for a variety of reasons, which the student will soon discover for himself :

(*a*) In the majority of cases, the object has been to indicate where the stress falls—sometimes the all-important point in the interpretation of a passage. Here the *commentator* joins hands with the *elocution-master*.

(*b*) In other instances these capitals are meant to intimate that the word so printed is used, not in its *ordinary*, but in a *secondary*, *derivative*, or *figurative* meaning.

(*c*) A line of verse or group of words is sometimes printed in this manner to direct attention to the terseness of the language, the music of the syllables, the beauty of the imagery, etc.

4. A change of address occurring in a speech is indicated by the paragraph sign ¶.

It is believed that this innovation will be of particular assistance to those not habituated to the reading of plays—a kind of discipline demanding more alertness on the reader's part than ordinary prose. Speeches in which there are several changes of address are always highly dramatic. Here again the editor comes to the assistance of the elocution-master.

5. Stage-directions in this edition range under two different classes, those *without* the brackets, and those *with* the brackets.

(*a*) Stage-direction having the authority of the First Folio and possibly of Shakespeare himself—seeing that this book was edited by his fellow-dramatists—are left unbracketed. "Solus," "manet," and similar Latin tags are englished.

(*b*) Those inserted by later editors are bracketed. In a number of cases the present editor is responsible for such insertions, e. g. on page 55, where the lover's hyperboles about being drowned in his mistress's tears can best be understood if we suppose him to be prone at her feet.

6. The system of punctuation is more complete than in ordinary editions, and, as far as is consistent with modern usage, is a return to that of the First Folio, which indicates the pauses required by the *rhythm*, in addition to those required by the *sense*.

7. Combinations like "if-that", "when-that", "lest-that" indicate that the second word is enclitic and unemphatic. The *absence* of the hyphen, shows the "that" to be demonstrative and emphatic.

8. The lines are numbered as in the *Globe Edition*.

(irrespective of passages omitted). The main object of this is to facilitate the use of reference-books such as Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, Bartlett's *Shakespeare Concordance*, Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*, and, one might add, as most useful of all, (for their line-numbering is practically the same),—Onions's *Shakespeare Glossary*, and *Shakespeare's England* (two volumes containing 30 Essays by well-known writers concerning the Life and Manners of his Age).

9. The text is based on the First Folio, and every important deviation is pointed out in the [bracketed] notes. The spelling has been modernized, but the capital letters, hyphens, brackets, etc. of the Folio have been retained so far as our present-day usage permits. Thus "the old Forest-like Text, brimming with suggestion" has been reduced as little as possible to "the dull, orderly, plantation-like aspect of a modern printed page".

10. Glossary, Index of Subjects, and Index of Proper Names have been combined for easy reference, but are distinguishable by differences of type.

It is believed that neither singly nor in combination have the features enumerated above been employed in any editions of English Classics for Schools or Colleges hitherto placed before the public—with the exception of the present editor's *Henry V* in the "New Era Shakespeare", to which this edition of the *Comedy of Errors* now appears as a companion volume.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

From Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

The states of Syracuse and Ephesus being at variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death, unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life.

Aegeon, an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered in the streets of Ephesus, and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine, or to receive sentence of death.

Aegeon had no money to pay the fine, and the duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

Aegeon said, that he did not fear to die, for sorrow had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the events of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history, in the following words :—

"I was born at Syracuse, and brought up to the profession of a merchant. I married a lady with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamium, I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer,

I sent for my wife, who, as soon as she arrived, was brought to bed of two sons, and what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. At the same time that my wife was brought to bed of these twin boys, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged was brought to bed of two sons, and these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys, and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

"My sons were very fine children, and my wife was not a little proud of two such boys: and she daily wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not sailed above a league from Epidamium before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such violence, that the sailors, seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every moment expected would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

"The incessant weeping of my wife, and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion, because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety. I tied my youngest son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms; at the other end I bound the youngest of the twin slaves, and at the same time I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having the care of the two eldest children, and I of the two younger, we bound

ourselves separately to these masts with the children; and but for this contrivance we had all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock, and was dashed in pieces; and we, clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who with the other children was soon separated from me; but while they were yet in my sight, they were taken up by a boat of fishermen, from Corinth (as I supposed), and seeing them in safety, I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea-waves, to preserve my dear son and the youngest slave. At length we, in our turn, were taken up by a ship, and the sailors, knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance, and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and eldest child.

"My youngest son, and now my only care, when he was eighteen years of age, began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant, the young slave, who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them: at length I unwillingly gave consent, for though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and eldest son, yet in sending my younger one to find them, I hazarded the loss of him also. It is now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in travelling through the world in search of him: I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homewards, I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave any place unsought that harbours men; but this day must end the story of my life, and happy should I think myself in my death, if I were assured my wife and sons were living."

Here the hapless Aegeon ended the account of his misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father, who had brought upon himself this great peril by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favour to Aegeon, for not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and helpless and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailor.

Aegeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after his youngest son, that son, and his eldest son also, were both in the city of Ephesus.

Aegeon's sons, besides being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholus, and the two twin slaves were also both named Dromio. Aegeon's youngest son, Antipholus of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with his slave Dromio that very same day that Aegeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, he would have been in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamium; this Antipholus

agreed to do, and he was sorry to hear that one of his own countrymen was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The eldest son of Aegeon (who must be called Antipholus of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his brother Antipholus of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty years, and, being a rich man, was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father's life; but Antipholus knew nothing of his father, being so young when he was taken out of the sea with his mother by the fishermen that he only remembered he had been so preserved, but he had no recollection of either his father or his mother; the fishermen who took up this Antipholus and his mother and the young slave Dromio, having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

Antipholus and Dromio were sold by them to duke Menaphon, a famous warrior, who was uncle to the duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

The duke of Ephesus taking a liking to young Antipholus, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his merit by marrying him to Adriana, a rich lady of Ephesus; with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholus of Syracuse, when he parted with his friend, who advised him to say he came from Epidamium, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the mean time he said

he would walk about and view the city, and observe the manners of the people.

Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholus was dull and melancholy, he used to divert himself with the odd humours and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between masters and their servants.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had sent Dromio away, he stood awhile thinking over his solitary wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings; and he said sorrowfully to himself, "I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which seeking to find its fellow drop, loses itself in the wide sea. So I unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself."

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels, which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio (as he thought) returned. Antipholus, wondering that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin-brother that lived with Antipholus of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as Aegeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied, "My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home." "These jests are out of season," said Antipholus, "Where did you leave the money?" Dromio still answering that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to dinner: "What mistress?" said Antipholus. "Why, your wor-

ship's wife, sir," replied Dromio. Antipholus having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio, and said, "Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humour now: where is the money? we being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?" Dromio hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposing Antipholus was jesting, replied merrily, "I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner. I had no charge but to fetch you home, to dine with my mistress and her sister." Now Antipholus lost all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home, and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner, and said that he had no wife.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very angry when she heard that her husband said he had no wife; for she was of a jealous temper, and she said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself; and she began to fret, and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn, and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests, when Adriana came up to him, and not doubting, but it was her husband she saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. "How comes it now, my husband," said she, "O how comes it

that I have lost your love?"—"Plead you to me, fair dame?" said the astonished Antipholus. It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours: she insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholus at last, being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her sister, the one calling him husband, and the other brother, he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised, for the cook-maid, who was his brother's wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholus of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned home to dinner with his slave Dromio, but the servants would not open the door, because their mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholus and Dromio, the maids laughed at them, and said that Antipholus was at dinner with their mistress, and Dromio was in the kitchen; and though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholus went away very angry, and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had finished his dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady's still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cook-maid, that he left the house, as soon as he could find any pretence to get away; for though he was very much pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous-tempered Adriana he disliked very much, nor was Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair

wife in the kitchen : therefore both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

The moment Antipholus of Syracuse had left the house, he was met by a goldsmith, who mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholus of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name ; and when Antipholus would have refused the chain, saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders ; and went away, leaving the chain in the hands of Antipholus, who ordered his man Dromio to get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any longer, where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong Antipholus, was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed ; and Antipholus, the married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the place where the officer was arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholus, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered to him, the price amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholus denying the having received the chain, the goldsmith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed this matter a long time, both thinking they were right : for Antipholus knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and, so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was as certain he had delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest

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Antipholus for the price of the chain; so that at the conclusion of their dispute, Antipholus and the merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholus was going to prison, he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own, he ordered him to go to Adriana his wife, and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail: for he saw Antipholus was in no humour to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself, that he must return to Adriana's house, "where," said he, "Dowsabel claims me for a husband: but I must go, for servants must obey their masters' commands."

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning, he met Antipholus of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he met with; for his brother being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old acquaintance: some offered him money which they said was owing to him, some invited him to come and see them, and some gave him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor showed him some silks he had bought for him, and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholus began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts, by asking him how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to

prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest and of a prison, and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded Antipholus, and he said, "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in illusions;" and quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed power deliver from this strange place!"

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholus, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a golden chain which she said he had promised to give her. Antipholus now lost all patience, and calling her a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a chain, or dined with her, or had even seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her, and had promised her a chain, which Antipholus still denying, she farther said, that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain, she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholus became quite frantic, and again calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her or her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild looks, for nothing to her appeared more certain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring, in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, for she had taken him for his brother: the married Antipholus had done all the things she taxed this Antipholus with.

When the married Antipholus was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to be

already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject, and remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady, and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholus promised to give her a gold chain, which he had intended as a present for his wife; it was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thought of having a fine gold chain, that she gave the married Antipholus a ring; which when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied, and said he did not know her, and left her in such a wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana, he came, attended by the jailor (who allowed him to come home to get the money to pay the debt), for the purse of money, which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholus.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true, when he reproached her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner-time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad; she therefore paid the jailor the money, and having discharged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room, and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness: Antipholus all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusation, which

the exact likeness he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad ; and, Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also and took him away along with his master.

Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholus and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana ran out to fetch him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again ; and her sister went along with her. When they came to the gates of a convent in their neighbourhood, there they saw Antipholus and Dromio, as they thought ; being again deceived by the likeness of the twin-brothers.

Antipholus of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him. The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it and refusing to pay for it, and Antipholus was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers ; and the men she brought with her were going to lay violent hands on Antipholus and Dromio ; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholus begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was a grave and venerable lady and wise to judge of what she saw, and

she would not too hastily give up the man who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said, "What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband's? Has he lost his wealth at sea? Or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you his wife; and that has driven him to this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his frequent absences from home. Now, it was not his love for another, but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper, that often obliged Antipholus to leave his home; and (the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner) to learn the truth, she said, "You should have reprehended him for this."—"Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Ay," said the abbess, "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholus on this subject, replied, "It was the constant subject of our conversation: in bed I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. When I was alone with him, I talked of nothing else; and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

The lady abbess, having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said, "And therefore comes it that your husband is mad. The venomous clamour of a jealous woman is a more deadly poison that a mad dog's tooth. It seems his sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light; and his meat was sauced

with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is, then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad."

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying, she always reprehended her husband mildly; and she said to her sister, "Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?" But the abbess had made her so plainly perceive her fault, that she could only answer, "She has betrayed me to my own reproof."

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again, and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day, in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old Aegeon's day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die, if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent; the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money, he might be present to pardon him.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession, and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care.

While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy; and telling in what manner he had broken his bands, and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to see her husband, when she thought he had been within the convent.

Aegeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother; and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholus in words of fatherly affection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But, to the utter astonishment of Aegeon, his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this Antipholus had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but while the poor old Aegeon was in vain endeavouring to make his son acknowledge him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his misery; in the midst of this perplexity, the lady abbess and the other Antipholus and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling errors, which had so perplexed them all, were clearly made out. When the duke saw the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story Aegeon had told him in the morning; and he said, these men must be the two sons of Aegeon and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy indeed completed the history of Aegeon; and the tale he had in the morning told in sorrow, and under sentence of death, before the setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion, for the venerable lady abbess made herself known to be the long-lost wife of Aegeon, and the fond mother of the two Antipholuses.

When the fishermen took the eldest Antipholus and Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct, she was at length made lady abbess of this convent; and in discharging the rites of hospitality to an unhappy stranger, she had unknowingly protected her own son.

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long separated parents and their children made them for a while forget that Aegeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they were become a little calm, Antipholus of Ephesus offered the duke the ransom money for his father's life; but the duke freely pardoned Aegeon, and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly-found husband and children into the convent, to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly complimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of the mother-in-law, that she never after cherished unjust suspicions, or was jealous of her husband.

Antipholus of Syracuse married the fair Luciana, the

sister of his brother's wife; and the good old Aegeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unravelling of these perplexities so entirly remove every ground of mistake for the future, but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, comical blunders would happen, and the one Antipholus, and the one Dromio, be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Place Among Shakespeare's Works

The Comedy of Errors is one of the twenty plays of Shakespeare of which no copy has been discovered prior to the publication of the First Folio in 1623. There is evidence, both internal and external, that it was written and acted very early in Shakespeare's career, but the exact date is conjectural. That it was produced some time between 1589 and 1594 is all that we know for certain.

In their "Dedication" of the First Folio, Heminge and Condell state that in collecting and publishing Shakespeare's plays they have "done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of self-profit or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." And in their address "To the great Variety of Readers" they write: "It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings". Of Shakespeare they speak as one "who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

The prefatory matter printed at the beginning of the First Folio also includes "The Names of the principal Actors in all these Plays" [Shakespeare heads the list,

and Richard Burbage comes next]; and four sets of "Commendatory Verses," the first written by Ben Jonson and consisting of eighty lines in heroic couplets.[1]

The plays in the First Folio are arranged in three groups: (1) Comedies, (2) Histories, and (3) Tragedies; but the editors made no attempt to place them in their chronological order. This task they left for later generations. Early critics, like Dryden, Rowe, etc., having little to guide them but their own predilections, fell into chronological errors that surprise us to-day.[2]

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the succession of Shakespeare's plays was

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[1] The whole of this prefatory matter, which ought to be within reach of all students, as it contains the kernel of our knowledge of Shakespeare, is systematically excluded from the standard editions of his works—not merely from single-volume editions such as the *Globe*, the *Leopold*, and the *Oxford Shakespeares*, but even from ten-volume editions like the *Cambridge* and *Eversley Shakespeares*.

[2] Both the above-named critics mistook Shakespeare's latest manner for his earliest, and *vice versa*. Dryden sings that—

Shakespeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore—

but we now class this among the latest plays that Shakespeare had a hand in. Hallam says with truth that "Dryden knew not at all which were earlier, or which later, of Shakespeare's plays". Rowe, in his so-called *Life of Shakespeare*, (almost paraphrasing words of Dryden), writes that "perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art has so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best". Readers of *Kenilworth* will remember how Scott speaks of *The Tempest* as Shakespeare's earliest play—perhaps because it comes first in the Folio.

investigated with the knowledge and industry which the subject demands. This is without doubt one of the most profitable branches of Shakespearian study, because of the light which it sheds upon the evolution of his mind as an artist.

If it has not been possible to assign a definite date to every particular play, it has at least been established beyond doubt that there *is such an evolution*, and that plays of the same type belong to the same stage in his career. Working upon this principle, critics have arranged the plays of Shakespeare in successive groups, leaving the order of the plays within the various groups more or less a matter of conjecture.

The following is the usually accepted arrangement of the different periods :—

(1) Prentice Period (1590-1593).
(2) Maturing Period (1594-1600).
(3) Tragic Period (1601-1607).
(4) Romantic Period (1608-1613).

The first period has been called, "In the workshop"; the second, "In the world"; the third, "Out of the depths"; and the fourth, "On the heights."[1]

These four periods may be designated (1) with reference to the class of works written in each, or (2) with reference to the subjects of those works, or (3) with reference to the kind of versification which was characteristic of each period, or (4) with reference to Shakespeare's supposed mental condition in each.

To show the significance of these designations, a wide survey of the whole field would be required ; but in the

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[1] See Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, p. 84.

present Introduction we are obliged to limit our observations to the period with which we are directly concerned.

The Comedy of Errors falls clearly into the *first* period. It is one of a group of four Early Comedies, later, probably, than *Love's Labour's Lost* and earlier than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, while some would place it before, and others would place it after, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The following are some of the more outstanding features common to all this group of Early Comedies : (1) the boisterous spirit of youth that runs through them and the merriment which is their dominant note ; (2) wit-combats and word-play, and extravagant use of imagery ; (3) the prominence given to clowns and buffoons ; (4) symmetry in the grouping of characters and in the structure of the play ; (5) mistakes of identity arising from various causes, such as fairy enchantments, masks and disguises, or (as in our present play) actual resemblances.

A farther clue to the succession of the plays is furnished by Shakespeare's *prosody* : it has been said that the structure of his metre is different at different periods of his career to an extent hardly paralleled in any other poet.

"Changing, developing, Shakespeare always was. And as his growth is more and more closely watched and discerned, we shall more and more clearly see, that his metre, his words, his grammar and syntax, move but with the deeper changes of mind and soul of which they are outward signs, and that all the faculties of the man went onward together" (Furnivall).

Early plays are distinguished from later ones by metrical features such as the following : (1) the occurrence of irregular, hobbling lines (known as doggerel), of which there are examples in Act 3, Scene 1 of the present

play ; [1] (2) the frequency of rhymed couplets and rhymed quatrains (see, e.g., Act 3, Scene 2) ; (3) the smooth and measured flow of the blank verses, which rarely break away from the fetters imposed by the decasyllabic norm.[2]

Turning from the internal evidence—i.e., the evidence to be derived from the features of the play itself—bearing upon the date of *The Comedy of Errors*, it remains now to speak about the external evidence. This last, in most plays, includes dates of Quartos, entries of plays in the Stationers' Registers, references in contemporary literature, and early notices of performances. In the case of our present play no Quarto is known to exist, nor is there any entry in the Stationers' Registers previous to November 8, 1623 ; but (1) there is reference to it in contemporary literature, and (2) there is an early notice of its performance.

(1) Almost the first praise of Shakespeare that has come down to us is contained in a little book dated 1598, with the title of *Palladis Tamia* or *Wit's Treasury* by Francis Meres, an M.A. of Cambridge and professor of Rhetoric at Oxford. In this volume are enumerated twelve plays of Shakespeare (six comedies and six tragedies), and *The Comedy of Errors* is amongst them, familiarly referred to by the abbreviated name of *Errors* :—

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[1] "Doggerel lines abound in his earliest comedies. *Love's Labour's Lost* has 194 ; the *Comedy of Errors*, 109 ; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 18 ; *Merchant of Venice* 4. They never occur after this". Fleay, *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 70.

[2] "The entire speech of Aegeon (Act 1, Scene 1), consisting of over 70 lines, contains only one certain double ending ('under' in line 46)." Dowden.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labour's Lost*, bis *Love Labours wonne*, his *Midsummer's night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy, his *Richard the* 2, *Richard the* 3, *Henry the* 4, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

(2) A play called *The Comedy of Errors*, which critics identify with Shakespeare's, was performed in the Hall of Gray's Inn on Innocents' Day, December 28, 1594. The benchers and students invited several guests for this occasion, and, among others, the students of the Inner Temple. We are informed that the latter arrived late and found the seats that had been allotted to them already disposed of to earlier comers. A scene of confusion now ensued, ending with the Templarians leaving the Hall in dudgeon. The proceedings that followed are thus recorded by an eye-witness:—

"After their departure, the throngs and tumults did somewhat cease, although so much of them continued as was able to disorder and confound any good inventions whatsoever; in regard whereof, as also for-that the sports intended were especially for the graçing of the Templarians, it was thought good not to offer anything of account saving dancing and revelling with gentlewomen; and, after such sports, a *Comedy of Errors* (like to Plautus' his [=Plautus's] Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

The Source of the Plot

The *Menaechmi*, on which *The Comedy of Errors* was founded, is a play written by the Latin comedian Plautus, who flourished in the third century B.C. He was not himself an original writer, but borrowed his themes from the dramatists of the New Comedy of Athens, of whom Menander is the most famous. The Greek originals have perished, or survive only in fragments; but not less than six Greek comedians are said to have written dramas in which the action was based on the likeness of twins. Plautus laid his scenes in Greece, and clothed his characters in the Greek costume.[1] Of the twenty plays by this author which have come down to us *The Captives* ranks as the masterpiece. His vivid pictures of contemporary manners are (in Matthew Arnold's phrase) "like a page torn fresh from the book of human life."

Whether Shakespeare derived his knowledge of this play directly from the Latin or through the medium of a translation, is a question that cannot be determined with certainty.

The summary here attempted of the story of the *Menaechmi* is based on the translation by W. W. (? William Warner), not published until 1595, which Shakespeare may, however, have seen in manuscript.

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1 Poets were not permitted to represent either Rome or Roman citizens on the stage. See the article on *Roman Drama* in E. R. E. Vol. IV, p. 899.

The Story of the Menaechmi

A merchant of Syracuse visits the city of Tarentum at the time of the annual games, bringing along with him one of his twin sons, a boy of seven, while the other boy remains at home with his grandfather. At the time when the races are going on, the father loses his son in the throng, and dies of a broken heart. On learning what has taken place, the grandfather gives the twin who is left the name of the twin who is lost, i. e. Menaechmus.

When the Syracusan Menaechmus reaches manhood, he sets out to find his brother, accompanied by his slave Messenio; and they have just come to Epidamnus when the play opens. He little dreams that his brother for whom he has everywhere been seeking is living here. But the boy lost at the games at Tarentum had been picked up by a merchant of Epidamnus, who had brought him to his home, adopted him, married him to a rich wife, and before his death made him his heir.

Menaechmus of Epidamnus is on very bad terms with his wife, and on the morning when the play opens he purloins a cloak from her wardrobe in order to give it to Erotium, a woman of his acquaintance of whom his wife is jealous. As he slinks out of his house with the cloak under his arm, he "talks back to his wife within" in these words:—

"If you were not such a brabbling fool and mad-brain scold as you are, you would never thus cross your husband in all his actions. ¶ 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, I'll send her home to her dad with a

vengeance. I can never forth a-doors, but she asketh me whither I go? what I do? what business? what I fetch? what I carry? As though she were a constable or a toll-gatherer! I have pampered her too much: she hath servants about her, wool, flax, and all things necessary to busy her withal; yet she watcheth and wondereth whither I go. Well, sith it is so, she shall now have some cause: I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine."

Erotium's house is just over the way. (The whole action of the play, it should be remarked, takes place on the street between the two houses). To her he delivers the cloak, and arranges that he, along with his Parasite, the man who accompanies him like his shadow, shall come back to dine with her at noon. Meanwhile his business calls him to the law-court. The Parasite follows him thither, but loses sight of him in the course of the morning.

When dinner is ready Erotium sends out her cook to look for her guest; but, as chance would have it, the cook comes across Menaechmus the Traveller, and gives the invitation to *him*. He has no hesitation in accepting the offered hospitality and enjoys to the full the feast that has been prepared for his brother. Before parting company with him, Erotium gives him the cloak to take to the dyer's, (that her rival may not recognize it when she wears it), and sends her maid after him with a chain, that he may take it to a jeweller to have the fashion of it altered. As soon as he is alone, the stranger soliloquises:—

"Is she gone? Do not all the gods conspire to load me with good luck? Well, I see it is high time to get me out of these coasts, lest all these matters should be lewd

devices to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seek me, they may think I am gone that way." And off he goes in the opposite direction.

The Parasite observes this stranger leaving the house, and naturally imagines that Erotium and his patron have dined without him. Believing that they have played a trick upon him, he goes up to his supposed patron and roughly accosts him :—

"Oh, well met, fickle-brain, false and treacherous dealer, crafty and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved that you should so give me the slip, come before, dispatch the dinner, and deal so badly with him that hath reverenced thee like a son ? "

Menaechmus the Traveller treats him as a "mad driveller" and refuses to hold discourse with him. The Parasite goes at once to his patron's wife and reports to her the purloining of the cloak and her husband's other goings-on.

The wife waylays him on his return from the law-court, charges him with the theft, and refuses to let him enter his own house till he goes and fetches her the cloak. Menaechmus is not much moved by these rebuffs :—

"My wife thinks she is notably revenged on me, now she shuts me out of doors, as though I had not a better place to be welcome to. If she shut me *out*, I know who will shut me *in*. Now will I entreat Erotium to let me have the cloak again to stop my wife's mouth withal ; and then will I provide a better for her. Ho! who is within there ? Somebody tell Erotium I must speak with her."

But the interview with Erotium is stormier even than that with his wife : when he asks her for the cloak, she

says she has already given it to him ; and when he denies all knowledge, both of it and of the chain, she slams the door in his face. He now feels left in the lurch :—

" What ? gone in chafing, and clapped-to the doors ? Now I am every way shut out for a very bench-whistler : neither shall I have entertainment here, nor at home. I were best go try to get some other friends, and ask counsel what to do." [*Exit.*]

No sooner does Menaechmus the Citizen go off, than Menaechmus the Traveller, his twin-brother, appears from the opposite direction, carrying the cloak on his arm. His brother's wife perceives him and mistakes him for her husband :—

" See where he is now, and brings my cloak with him. I will go ring a peal through both his ears for this dishonest behaviour. ¶ Oh, sir, you are welcome home with your thievery on your shoulders. Are you not ashamed to let all the world see and speak of your lewdness ? "

The war of words that now ensues persuades the bewildered wife that her husband is mad, and she quickly summons her father to her aid :—

FATHER

How now, daughter ? What ? Is all well ? Why is your husband so sad ? Have you been chiding ? Tell me, which of you is at fault ?

WIFE

First, father, know that I have not any way misbehaved myself ; but the truth is, that I can by no means endure this bad man, who will yet be my death ; and therefore I desire you to take me home with you again.

FATHER

What is the matter ?

WIFE

He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

FATHER

Now will I go talk with him and know the truth. ¶ Tell me, Menaechmus, how is it that I hear such disorder in your life? Why are you sad, man? Wherein hath your wife offended you?

MENAECHMUS THE TRAVELLER

Old man, (what to call thee I know not), by high Jove and by all the gods, I swear unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth me to have stolen from her, it is utterly false and untrue. If ever I set foot within her doors, I wish the greatest misery in the world to light upon me.

WIFE

Father, mark, I pray, how his eyes sparkle; they roll in his head; his colour comes and goes; he looks wildly. See, see.

MENAECHMUS THE TRAVELLER (*aside*).

What? they say I am mad: the best way for me is to feign myself mad indeed, so shall I be rid of them.

As soon as he begins to act the madman, the wife runs away in fear of her life, and the father goes in haste to fetch a Physician. The stranger finds himself alone:—

MENAECHMUS THE TRAVELLER

Are they both gone? I'll then hie me away to my ship: 'tis time to be gone from hence. [*Exit.*]

The exit of the one brother is once again the cue for the entrance of the other—obviously a device of the dramatist

to make it impossible for the spectators to be bewildered by the resemblance between them.

Menaechmus the Citizen no sooner now appears upon the scene than, to his utter bewilderment, he is seized upon by four porters (*lorarii*), who are just on the point of carrying him away, when Messenio, his brother's servant, rushes in and rescues him from him tormentors :—

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

Now as the gods love me, my good friend, thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

MESSENIO

I'll tell thee how, sir, give me my freedom.

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

On mine honesty, I am none of thy master. Yet I had never any servant would do so much for me.

MESSENIO

Why then, bid me be free : will you ?

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

Yea surely : be free for my part.

MESSENIO

O master, I'll call thee you master still. I pray, use me in any service as you did before. I'll dwell with you still ; and when you go home, I'll wait upon you.

At this point Menaechmus the Traveller re-appears upon the scene, so that now at last the twin brothers confront each other. There is at first a moment's amazement, and then a clearing up of the mystery.

It is the slave who solves the riddle :—

MESSENIO

O immortal gods, let it fall out as I hope ! For my

life, these two are the two twins, all things agree so jump [exactly] together.

They embrace each other, and remain silent for a time. Then Menaechmus the Citizen speaks :—

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

Brother, the most welcome man to me, that the world holdeth.

MENAECHMUS THE TRAVELLER.

I joy, and ten thousand joys the more, having taken so long travail and huge pains to seek you.

The twin brothers resolve to leave Epidamnus and settle in Syracuse :—

MENAECHMUS THE TRAVELLER

Brother, will you now go with me to Syracuse ?

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

So soon as I can sell away such goods as I possess here in Epidamnus, I will go with you.

The play is rounded off with a jest at the expense of the ill-treated wife :—

MESSENIO

Will you sell your wife too, sir ?

MENAECHMUS THE CITIZEN

Yes, but I think nobody will bid money for her !

CONSTRUCTION AND INTERPRETATION

Plautus and Shakespeare

The outline given above will indicate the nature and extent of Shakespeare's borrowings from the Roman comedian. Shakespeare could never be a mere plagiarist, —though this charge was once actually brought against him. *The Comedy of Errors* is not a reproduction of an ancient play, but a creation of Shakespeare's own genius. This does not mean that his debt to Plautus—and indirectly to the New Greek Comedy—was small, but rather that, having a great model before him, he read into the heart of it, and learned all that it had to teach him.—"Every real thing is liker to every other real thing than to the closest and most reverent imitation of itself."

In its conception of plot, the Ancient Drama differs strikingly from the Modern. The Ancient Drama was content to revolve round a single action and refused to admit into its mechanism any extraneous material that might draw away the interest of the spectators from that action. The Modern Drama knows of no such law and permits a plurality of actions, so long as "unity of interest" is maintained. Shakespeare is here, of course, the great pioneer of the Modern Drama and exhibits in his plays surpassing subtlety in weaving together many separate actions into one complex whole.

"The appreciation of Shakespeare will not be complete

until he is seen to be as subtle a weaver of plots as he is a deep reader of the human heart" (Moulton).

The *Menaechmi* is an example of a single action of a very simple nature.—Two brothers are so like each other that the one can be mistaken for the other. One of them unwittingly intrudes himself into the social sphere of the other, with the result hat a series of amusing mistakes take place, and the riddle is only solved when the two appear on the stage together at the end of the play. *The Comedy of Errors* presents us with a similarly diverting series of mistakes of personal identity; but Shakespeare —as Coleridge pointed out—to the two Antipholuses dared to add the two Dromios, thus making his play even more of a farce than that of the Latin comedian. It is a farce, if one may use the expression, raised to the second power.

But while Plautus's play is a farce and nothing else, Shakespeare's is that and a great deal more. The incidents that together form the Central Action are placed in a setting, called the "Enveloping Action", which belongs as much to the realms of pathos and romance as the rest of the play belongs to that of drollery; and these two are skilfully joined together into one homogeneous play. Gervinus makes the confession that he is at a loss to say which of the two actions interests and fascinates him the more—the comical or the pathetic.

"Why could not Shakespeare find content", asks Dowden, "in being farcical thoroughout one entire comedy?" His answer to his own question is that "laughter with Shakespeare would seem hard and barren—the crackling of thorns under a pot—if it were wholly isolated from grief and love and joy."

Analysis of the Plot.

The Comedy of Errors might be said to have two Enveloping Actions—a nearer and a more remote.

(1) The nearer one is the feud between Syracusans and Ephesians, about which Aegeon, the man of many wanderings, knew nothing when he stepped ashore on the quay at Ephesus and found that his life was forfeited according to the statute of the town. The old man's pitiable situation, as he stands before the Duke's tribunal, at once arrests the sympathetic attention of the audience. Shakespeare, we are told, always introduces a duke where it is possible to do so; which has the effect of giving public importance to, and heightening the interest of, what otherwise would be but a simple story of domestic life.

(2) Aegeon's story of the shipwreck and its sequel constitutes the more remote Enveloping Action. It serves the purpose of a Prologue, but so long a narrative was bound to have been wearisome, had it been spoken by a "Chorus." How moving and spontaneous it sounds as the utterance of a man who is himself so deeply involved in the misfortunes he relates! It still farther enhances the interest if one may dare to imagine Shakespeare himself in the rôle of his own Aegeon.[1]

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[1] We cannot remember ever having seen such a suggestion put forward, but it accords with what we have been told about Shakespeare. Tradition has ascribed to him three rôles, viz., Adam in *As You Like It*, Knowell in *Every Man in his Humour*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. There is something akin to Aegeon in each of these parts. Cp. 5. 1. 337.

Thirty-three years before the opening of the play, the different members of the Syracusan family had been torn asunder by a cruel destiny. On their homeward voyage from Epidamium to Syracuse their vessel was wrecked. None of them had perished, but—as it came out afterwards—they were picked up by three different vessels bound for three different ports. Consequently—

(1) Aegeon is severed from Aemilia and the elder Antipholus. With the younger Antipholus and one of the Dromios he settles in Syracuse.

(2) Aemilia is severed both from her husband and her children (see page 112). She takes the veil and, at the time of the play, is the Mother Superior of a Priory in Ephesus.

(3) The elder Antipholus is brought to Ephesus with the other Dromio. Here Duke Solanus becomes his patron and marries him to Adriana.

Antipholus of Syracuse, on reaching the age of eighteen, sets out with his man Dromio in search of the lost members of his family; and Aegeon two years later begins the same quest. Seven years after their parting, the son and his slave land at Ephesus—and, by a strange coincidence, on the very same morning as the father. During all these years they have neither seen one other nor heard anything about those they are seeking for. Little does any one of the long-sundered family dream that all its members are now gathered within the walls of this city, and that this very day, before sunset, they will come together at last. But many strange events will first intervene. Aegeon is to walk about the streets the whole day in the custody of a jailor, begging for the sum needed to ransom his forfeited life; and the arrival in

Ephesus of Antipholus and Dromio, each of whom has a "double" in his twin-brother—resident here since infancy and bearing the same name as himself—will be sufficient to throw the whole city into confusion.

These complications are not slow to begin. Antipholus is taking his first walk about the new city and admiring the strange sights, when he is summoned to dinner by one who appears in every respect to be his own Dromio,—though the invitation is not to the "Centaur," where he has taken up his quarters, but to a house called the "Phoenix." The servant is rewarded for his pains with a beating.

A little later, two ladies appear on the scene, one of whom fastens upon his arm and, claiming to be his wife, insists on having his company. He permits himself to be led away "at all adventures" he does not know whither, feeling that the city is enchanted, and that he is under an irresistible spell.[1]

For the mistress of the "Phoenix," whom he little suspects to be none other than his brother's wife, he feels a secret aversion; but with her sister, whose name is Luciana, he falls in love at first sight. During dinner Dromio—i.e., his own Dromio—"plays the porter well."

But meanwhile, where is Antipholus of Ephesus? He had promised his wife a chain, which he knew she was impatient to receive (2. 1. 106 ff.), and, desiring to take it

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[1] Shakespeare shifts the scene of his play from Epidamnus to Ephesus, perhaps because the latter city is associated, both by biblical and classical writers, with magic, mysteries and charms. For exorcism as it was practised in Ephesus in the time of the Apostles see *Acts* xix.

home with him that day, he had stepped into the Goldsmith's shop to inquire about it. He learnt that it was *not quite ready, but very nearly so.* We shall see in the course of this analysis that this circumstance, in appearance so trifling, and hitherto ignored, we think, by those who have written on the subject, is the source and fountain-head of all the confusions in the play. This devoted but short-sighted husband, who has more thought about pleasing his wife with a present than about coming home in time for dinner,—

lingers at the shop
To see the making of the carcanet—

long after "the hollow and hungry hour of noon" is past, and it is two o'clock before he comes away—and without the chain after all !

When the real husband and the real porter arrive at the "Phoenix" they find that no amount of knocking or shouting can gain them admittance, so Antipholus of Ephesus departs in dudgeon and dines (with his friend Balthazar) at the "Porpentine". The Hostess there is a woman of whom Adriana is foolishly jealous, and the incensed husband, in a momentary fit of spite, promises the chain to her.

Soon after Antipholus' departure from the shop the chain is completed, and the Goldsmith goes out of doors to look for his patron ; but of course he meets with the wrong brother and gives the chain to him. The stranger is bewildered by a gift so unexpectedly come by, but he is pleased with it all the same and *wears it round his neck.* He is now more firmly convinced than ever that the city is haunted.

It will be seen that all the serious trouble that still

remains to be recorded arises from his having the chain so conspicuous upon his person.[1]

When we next see the Goldsmith he is in trouble: a merchant is dunning him for a debt and an Officer stands by, ready to arrest him. Antipholus of Ephesus coming upon the scene, the Goldsmith requests him to pay him the ducats due for the chain, which (he says) will enable him to settle with his importunate creditor. An angry scene ensues. Antipholus maintains that he has not received the chain, and the Goldsmith, outraged by this disavowal, causes him to be arrested in his stead and led away to prison.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, the Hostess of the Porpentine, meeting Antipholus of Syracuse, addresses him by name and asks him if the chain round his neck is the same that he promised to her. The stranger believes the woman to be a witch and (with Dromio his servant) flees in terror from her presence.

To the Hostess this interview was just as strange and unaccountable as it was to Antipholus of Syracuse himself, and she goes and reports it (with many embellishments) to Adriana. The latter is convinced that her husband is mad and, taking prompt action, summons an exorcist, one Dr. Pinch, to her aid.

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1 The function of the chain in *The Comedy of Errors* ought not to be overlooked by the student who wishes to master the plot. The most remarkable fact connected with it is the double purpose which it serves: (1) on the stage it is the cause of misunderstanding and bewilderment; (2) in the auditorium it serves the purpose of distinguishing between the two Antipholuses, just as soon as such confusion begins to be possible.

It is Antipholus of Ephesus whom they first come across in their search for the madman. By their superior numbers they rescue him from the Officer, and, along with his servant (whom Pinch has also pronounced to be mad), they conduct him to the "Phoenix," where both are shut up together in a dark room.

Meanwhile the Goldsmith chances to see Antipholus of Syracuse, and, observing the chain round his neck, angrily upbraids him for having, such a short time ago, denied all knowledge of it. Swords are drawn, and a street scuffle is beginning, when Adriana and the Hostess, —whom Antipholus of Syracuse had taken to be a witch—with several others, make their appearance. This is a signal for master and man once more to take to their heels. They seek shelter in the nearest house, which turns out to be an Abbey. Adriana calls upon the Abbess—who comes out to learn the cause of the disturbance—to deliver up the runagates, but she declines to do so.

The hour of sunset is now approaching and Aegeon's respite is about to expire. A melancholy procession comes past the Abbey : it is the Duke with his attendants, leading the condemned man to his execution.

Adriana seizes this opportunity to tell her story to the Duke and entreats him to use his authority to compel the Abbess to surrender her husband. The Duke determines to sift the matter out.

At this point Antipholus of Ephesus and his servant, having got free from their confinement, appear before the Duke, who now hears the other side of the story. He does not know what to make of it all and thinks that wife and husband are both mad alike.

Aegeon recognises his son, Antipholus of Ephesus, from his likeness to his brother of Syracuse, but the Ephesian looks strange upon his own father, whom he has not seen since his infancy.

The Abbess now appears at the Duke's summons, bringing with her the two who had run into her Convent for sanctuary. So now at last the members of this so long severed household are all met together. There is a moment of general bewilderment. Adriana exclaims :

> I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

The Duke, as he looks upon the two pairs of identical twins, declares :

> One of these men is Genius to the other ;
> And so of these. Which is the natural man,
> And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

Antipholus of Syracuse is not slow to claim Aegeon as his father, nor Dromio to hail him as his former master. Perhaps the most surprising, and certainly the most moving, incident in the play is when the Abbess recognizes the aged man under sentence of death as her beloved husband of bygone days. The son who a moment ago did not know his own father now eagerly tenders the money required for his redemption ; but the Duke says to him :

> It shall not need : thy father hath his life.

The Duke here exercises the highest prerogative of his crown (1. 1. 144), and mercy rejoiceth over judgment.

The deepest and most thrilling note in the play is struck in the Abbess's last speech inviting the whole company to come with her into the convent and join in the "gossips' feast" which is to celebrate the

"rebirth" of her children—the joy of their parents' "remarriage" being swallowed up in that even greater joy.

The last line of her speech is strangely charged with well nigh inexhaustible meaning :

After so long grief, such nativity !

We seem to perceive the mother, as she utters these words, folding to her breast her newly found offspring and giving free course to her long pent up maternal feelings.[1]

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[1] For the Folio "nativity" (5. 1. 406) the *Globe*, *Leopold*, *Eversley*, *Arden*, and *Oxford* Editions substitute "festivity", while the *Irving* Edition has "felicity". These emendations have no authority, and (whatever they may be to the general reader) are a kind of imposition upon serious students of Shakespeare, who frequently have too little access to critical editions of his works. "Festivity" and kindred variants have, of course, been adopted by editors because they felt the difficulty of admitting "nativity" as a terminal word for a second time in the course of three lines. On the other hand, it is very strange if this word—which improves the line rather than corrupting it—should be due to a printer's mistake.

The following is the Abbess's speech as it appears in the First Folio, except that we have distinguished lines 403-405 by italics :

Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place :
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre,

No play of Shakespeare has a happier dénouement than *The Comedy of Errors.* In this respect this so-called

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My heauie burthen are (sic) deliuered :
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee, 405
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.

The repetition of the word "nativity" and the curious feature that *the invitation is given twice*—in a longer and more ceremonious form, and in a shorter and more abrupt form—have suggested to our mind the possibility that (1) the speech originally consisted merely of the italicised lines and that (2) for these 3 lines Shakespeare substituted the other 11 lines when he revised the play, but that (3) by a press blunder—such as undoubtedly occurred in several passages in *Love's Labour's Lost* and probably once in *Julius Caesar* (see our edition p. 182)—the original shorter version appeared in the First Folio imbedded in the longer.

The removal of these 3 lines has the advantage of bringing line 406 into the immediate context of line 402, so that it naturally continues and completes the image of child-birth, whereas lines 403-405, as they stand in the First Folio, are an awkward interruption, and line 406 an awkward reversion, to the idea.

On the other hand, against such a hypothesis, is the abruptness, almost the discourtesy, of such a form of invitation as lines 403-405 standing alone ; the echo of "gossips' feast," (line 405) in line 407 ; and the terminal rhyming couplet lines, 405-406, which is quite in Shakespeare's manner in such a speech as this.

It is a curious point, not raised before so far as we know, nor of very great consequence. We leave the decision to the reader's judgment.

farce curiously anticipates the Romances of his latest period —*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*.[1] Surprise has been expressed that Shakespeare did not round off the love affairs of Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana ; nor has minute criticism failed to point out that little is made of the union of Aegeon and Aemilia after their long separation. Thoughts like theirs, Shakespeare may well have felt, were far beyond utterance in words : elsewhere he tells us that "silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much".

In response to the Abbess's invitation, the guests adjourn to the Convent, the graver and more sedate of the company taking the precedence of the others, and thus at length the stage is cleared of all but the comical characters. By this simple device the play is made to end as a merry interlude : the "aftermath of errors" is catalogued in a note on page 113. The transition from gravity to gaiety is accomplished with such ease and rapidity that we are in doubt whether it is due to happy chance, or does not rather betray the highest perfection of art which consists in the concealment of art.

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1 "The group named Romances connect themselves with the Comedies ; but there is a graver element in them which is connected with the Tragedies which preceded them. It has been noticed that the Romances have in common the incidents of reunions, reconciliations, and the recovery of lost children." Dowden, *Shakespeare Primer*, p. 57.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

Plautus and Shakespeare.

The reader who takes the trouble to compare the matter of the Latin play with Shakespeare's variation on it, will find the *Comedy of Errors* to be really an original piece founded upon Plautus. Shakespeare follows Plautus in all the fun of the cross purposes, but doubles it by giving the twin brothers twin slaves equally resembling one another. The fun of the two Dromios is all Shakespeare's. The Comedy of Plautus was a farce and Shakespeare's is yet more farcical in its confusion, while it is a great deal more poetical. The chain that takes the place of the dress was a chain ordered by the husband for the wife that is only diverted for a time towards the Hostess when the husband resents having his own doors locked against him by his wife, as it seemed. But the chain goes to the wife, and the wife herself is represented as full of love and tenderness in her jealousy. There is no honour lost to womanhood by Shakespeare's treatment of the story. The wife's sister, who becomes wife to the other Antipholus, is added by Shakespeare to the completeness and charm of the whole story. The father and mother appear on the scene in Aegeon and Aemilia with poetical effect and also help to lift the play above the level of Plautus. Shakespeare, like Plautus, is writing a farce that shall run merrily. There is mirth in his action. Full of the high spirits of eight-and-twenty, he heaps jest

upon jest, high above the good measure of the *Menaechmi* as Plautus wrote it; and he puts into it all that finer touch of the poet's sense of life which in the *Menaechmi* is absent. Plautus, too, has his humanities; witness his fellow-feeling for the slave. But there is a wide difference between Shakespeare's Adriana and Plautus's *Mulier Uxor* (the wife of Menaechmus the Citizen). There is the Shakespeare of the future in his *Comedy of Errors*, though it is no more than a merry jest like the original by which it was suggested. Let any one observe the raising of the tone of the old Latin comedy, the wealth of new invention that makes the *Comedy of Errors* virtually an original play, and the heaping up of gay extravagance that is nevertheless set to the true music of life, and he will find much profit in the comparison of what Shakespeare wrote in the full flush of his young life with what Plautus probably had written in his age.—Henry Morley in *Cassell's National Library.*

Variety of Emotional Appeal.

The play is a most interesting fusion of classical and romantic traditions, accommodating to the pedantic exactions of the unities and to the realism of Latin comedy the freshness and pathos, the elasticity and sentiment of romance.

In fact, as a work of art the play ranks very high, much higher than is commonly recognized. The dramatist knows exactly what effects he wishes to produce and he produces them with apparent ease. Shakespeare had already felt the pulse of the public: he was sensitive to its craving for variety of incident, its growing fondness for

a love story, and its preference for variety of emotional appeal. All of these demands he satisfied, and that without destroying the harmony of the play: the first by the introduction of the minor plot—the Aegeon-Aemilia episodes—and by adding to the main plot a second Dromio, to double the confusion; the second by introducing the gentle Luciana and arranging a graceful scene between her and Antipholus of Syracuse; the third by introducing the play with a pathetic scene to contrast with the broad comedy, by interrupting the comedy proper with the love episodes, and finally by concluding the play with a shock of pleasurable surprise. The characterization is relatively slight; but this is itself an excellence, for if it had been carried farther, it would have tended to lessen interest in the situations, and the situations are the very *raison d'être* of farce-comedy. The characterization is always adequate, and the attentive reader will discover agreeable, though not obtrusive, differences even between the characters of the two Antipholuses and of the two Dromios.

On first reading the play, one is inclined to look somewhat askance at the artificial motive of mistaken identity, but it must be borne in mind that this was a convention of Roman comedy and was accepted by Elizabethans as almost a principle of comic action. Moreover, there is a difference between reading a farce and seeing it, and when this play is actually seen, the situations are so irresistible that incredulity is dispelled and one gladly accepts the absurdity. The one real blemish is the excessive quibble and word-play; however, even this is pleasantly diverting when the play is seen, rather than read. Taken as a whole, *The Comedy of Errors* well satisfies Aristotle's

definition of art, as "A habit of production in conscious accord with a correct method."—F. M. PADELFORD, in the *Tudor Shakespeare.*

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE PLAY.

It would take us too far to enter very closely into the relations which ingenuity may discover between *The Comedy of Errors* and other plays of Shakespeare. There is entanglement in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and mistaken identity in *Twelfth Night.* The attitude of Adriana to her husband, Antipholus of Ephesus, is repeated with much greater fullness in *The Taming of the Shrew.* In all these instances the Elizabethan poet takes from Plautus what he finds left there in a state entirely mundane and superficial, and he adds to it his own spiritual colouring. In *Hamlet* he was to say, speaking to the Players, that "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for them"; Shakespeare had always present with him this conviction of the "lightness" of the Latin playwright, whose *Miles Gloriosus* had led directly to the earliest English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, and who had inspired *Gammer Gurton's Needle* with his boisterous humour. Shakespeare does not reject or disdain this boyish gaiety, but he adds solidity to it; he takes the naked Latin farce and dresses it in rich brocades.

The romantic humanity of Shakespeare is finely illustrated by every one of the additions and modifications which make *The Comedy of Errors* what it is. Even the points which are merely indicated add to this impression. For instance, the *Menaechmi* leaves us in doubt, when the curtain falls, as to the future welfare of the characters; we

feel that they may easily slip back into unseemly wrangling and nefarious intrigue. Their imbroglio has been excessively diverting, but it has led to no distinct moral issue. But when *The Comedy of Errors* closes, it has diverted us still more than the *Menaechmi* did, and we feel in addition that its confusions have led directly towards peace and repose . . . We are convinced that Adriana's shrewishness has been shamed out of her for life; that Luciana will make a perfect consort for Antipholus of Syracuse; that Aegeon and Aemilia will gather their patriarchal family around them in Ephesus, and that all will be tranquillity.

The Comedy of Errors . . . is not one of Shakespeare's great complex masterpieces, glowing and luminous from beginning to end. But it has the extreme importance of being that work in which, more than anywhere else, we can watch the technical development of his style and the evidences of his growing skill and selective self-criticism.
—EDMUND GOSSE in *The Imperial Shakespeare*

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

Much has been written in recent years on the subject of Elizabethan playhouses and the method of acting plays in vogue in Shakespeare's time. The stage—entirely different from that in a modern theatre—consisted of a platform which projected right into the area of the house. Around were tiers of galleries, upper and lower, like the "circles" in the theatres of to-day.

Players who strode on such a stage as this, having the spectators on three sides of them, must have felt in more living contact with their public than is possible in our theatres, in which the stage retreats from the auditorium and the players have something of the appearance of being cooped up in a room one of the walls of which has been removed.

And the effect must have been as different upon the spectators. Actors to-day, when seen from the body of the theatre, present a series of animated pictures ; but on the Elizabethan stage, where they were visible from so many different angles, they must have given the impression of groups of moving statuary.

We read that a curtain, technically known as the "traverse," divided the Elizabethan stage into two parts, an inner and an outer, and that the simple properties of those days were set out upon the inner stage.

(1) When the curtain was drawn aside, the outer and the inner stages became one stage, and the properties on

the inner stage gave the setting to the whole. This was a full-stage scene.

(2) When the curtain shut off the inner stage from view, the outer stage, bare and unpropertied, became a stage in itself. This was an outer-stage scene.

Continuity, and therefore rapidity of action, was secured in various ways: (1) by a succession of outer-stage scenes; (2) by a succession of inner-stage scenes without a change of setting; (3) by an alternation of outer- and inner-stage scenes.

An important part of the structure was what was known as the balcony. From this elevation when occasion called for it, the actors spoke to those down below. In our play the balcony no doubt served to represent the upper storey of the "Phoenix" (see page 46).

It is of material assistance to the understanding of Shakespeare's plays to keep in mind the kind of stage for which he wrote them, and in the present commentary, under the guidance of the best literature on the subject[1], we have exhibited the probable succession of outer- and inner-stage scenes in *The Comedy of Errors*. For out-of-door transactions the former are usually employed, and for indoor the latter.

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[1] William Poel's *Shakespeare and the Theatre*, Sidgwick and Jackson, 1913, is the most suggestive book on this subject known to us. In 1895 a *second* performance in Gray's Inn Hall (cp. p. xxxvi) of *The Comedy of Errors*, on a stage modelled after the Elizabethan type, was arranged by Mr. Poel who, besides being one of our foremost authorities on all questions concerning the Elizabethan theatre, is well known as the leader of an uncompromising crusade against the commercialization of dramatic art.

In the Elizabethan theatre the ear was more appealed to than the eye, and the art of clear enunciation was considered all-important. "Words which often appear to be meaningless in print become instinct with life with the help of voice and action" (William Poel.) In Hamlet's Speech to the Players we seem to hear Shakespeare himself speaking from behind his mask, and, in his capacity of stage-manager, instructing the youthful members of his company on "the vhole duty of an actor." This famous passage, some of which we reproduce, shows us Shakespeare's dislike of ranting and his love of naturalness and simplicity :—

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action : with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
AEGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, } twin brother, and sons to Aegeon and
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, } Aemilia.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS, } twin brothers, and attendants on the two
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

AEMILIA, wife to Aegeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
The Hostess of the Porpentine.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Ephesus.*

DURATION OF ACTION

A single day, ending about sunset.

ACT FIRST

SCENE 1

[*A hall in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Aegeon, Gaoler, [Officers,] and other Attendants.

Aege. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall ;
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more ;
I am not partial to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,

A full-stage Scene. The Duke of Ephesus is here seen crowned and seated upon his throne, and surrounded by his guards and other attendants. Aegeon, bare-headed and bound, and in charge of a Gaoler, stands or kneels before him.

1 **Solinus** (Solīnus). The name of the Duke of Ephesus does not occur again in the play. **fall**, death

2 **doom**, judicial sentence. **end woes and all.** A wail of despair. Cp. "Nay, take my life *and all.*" *Merchant of Venice*, 4 1. 374.

3. **Syracusa**, Syracuse, a renowned city of Sicily ; at the time of the play at strife with Ephesus.

4. **I am not partial to infringe.** I am not partial to you, *nor am I inclined* to infringe. Pregnant construction.

6. **Sprung** etc. If the version of this Duke is correct, the quarrel had broken out on the side of the Syracusans, while the Ephesians had been obliged, merely in self-defence, to adopt reprisive measures. **rancorous**, malignant, spiteful.

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blood,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks :
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns ;
Nay, more :
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs ;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,

8. **wanting**, not having enough of. **guilders** are Dutch florins, of the value of about two shillings, but here = money in general. Cp. 4. 1. 4, note.

The sum required was 1000 *marks*. The diversity of coinages in Ephesus is a curious feature of this play—we hear of "ducats", of "angels", and even of the familiar "sixpence"—but never of coins which actually were current in ancient Greece (e. g. the drachma).

9. **Have seal'd...blood.** The metaphor—suggested by the sealing of legal documents with hot, molten, red wax—has a number of parallels in Shakespeare. Cp. *Henry V*, 4. 6. 26 :

With *blood he seal'd*
A testament of noble-ending love.'

For nearly the same metaphor see also *Henry VIII*, 2. 1. 105.

11. **mortal**, deadly. Cp. "mortal taste", *Paradise Lost*, i. 2.

intestine jars, civil discords.

13. **synods**, assemblies.

21. **confiscate ...dispose**, to be confiscated *and placed at* the Duke's disposal. Pregnant construction. Cp. line 4, above.

Unless a thousand marks be leviëd,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Aege. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Aege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

22. **marks.** The mark—equivalent to 160 pence—was an old English coin. Cp. *King John*, 2. 1. 530:

Full thirty thousand *marks* of English coin.

23. **quit**, remit, pay.

24. **substance**, wealth, property; as in the phrase, "a man of substance".

27. **this** (is). **when ... done**, when your sentence has been duly carried out.

29. **Syracusian**, Syracusan. This form is incorrect but euphonious.

32-33. **impos'd** (upon me). **than I to speak**, than that I should be called to speak about. **my woes unspeakable.** Cp. line 95, below.

35. **by nature**, in following the instincts of nature, which prompted me to seek my lost ones. **vile offence**, sinister motive. He is suspected of having come to Ephesus to foment the strife between the two rival cities.

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me [too], had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium, till my factor's death

36. **gives me leave**, permits me to utter.

38. **happy but for me**, happy except in having me for a husband.

39. **And by me**, and who would have lived quite happily with me. **hap**, lot, fortune (with quibble on "happy").

[It is possible that "our" is a disyllable, in which case there is no need for the insertion of [too]. See note on "hour", 2. 2. 14.]

42. **Epidamium** So the Folio. Shakespeare, wherever possible, changes a harsh-sounding name into a more euphonious one.

The Romans could not tolerate the sound of "Epidamnus" (still less its accusative "Epidamnum", which they associated with "damnum"="loss"), so they altered the city's name to "Dyrrhachium", now the modern Durazzo.

This Adriatic seaport, across from Brundisium, was in ancient times on the great highway of commerce between East and West.

[The Cambridge Editors say that "Epidamium" is a *misprint* for "Epidamnum"—ignoring the fact that the name occurs *seven times* in the Folio, and is invariably spelt "Epidamium". The form "Epidamnum" is neither correct, nor authoritative, nor euphonious,—yet there are few modern editions of Shakespeare in which it has not crept into the text in the place of "Epidamium".

It owes all the authority it can claim to its being the form found in the translation of Plautus' *Menæchmi* by W.W. (? William Warner), printed in 1595, four years after Shakespeare wrote his play.

Surely it must seem absurd to anyone except Dryasdust that the name of *William Warner*—if he be indeed the translator of the *Menæchmi*—should carry more prestige than the name of *William Shakespeare*!]

my factor's death. He refers to his agent or correspondent in Epidamium.

"Correspondent"="a person having regular business relations with another, especially in another country" (C. O. D.).

And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And (which was strange) the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.

43. **at random,** in utter confusion.

45. **six months old,** six months in duration. Cp. 2.2. 150, "two hours *old*".

Cp. likewise: "Bernardine...one that is a prisoner *nine years old*". *Measure for Measure*, 4. 2. 135. (Bernardine was an old man).

53. **As could not be,** that they could not be. **but by names.** There is no such distinction between the brothers Antipholus (or between the brothers Dromio) in the play.

55. **A meaner woman,** a woman of the lower orders.

57. **for,** because.

59. **not meanly,** exceedingly, in a high degree. Litotes.

Cp. "But Paul said, I am ..a citizen of no mean city." *Acts*, 21.40.

60. **motions . . . return,** proposals to return to Syracuse.

"Motion" now suggests a formal proposal in a deliberative assembly.

Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamium had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
(Weeping before for what she saw must come),
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
(That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear),
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

62. A broken line like this serves sometimes as a pause in a lengthy narrative. Cp. 5. 1. 235.

[Editors have supplied the words which they assume must have dropped out of the text ("and put to sea, but scarce"), but the passage is more impressive just as it stands.]

65. **instance**, indication, premonition, sign.

68. **fearful**, full of fear. (The passive meaning).

For the *active* meaning (=causing fear) cp. "a *fearful* battle". *Henry V*, 1. 1. 44.

69. **warrant**, *positive* assurance.

[Theobald therefore conjectured "dreadful" in place of **doubtful**.]

70. **embrac'd**. Cp. "*Embrace* thy death". *Two Gent.* 5. 4. 126.

73. Note the alliteration in this line.

74. **for fashion**, *i.e.* because others were weeping.

77. **our boat**, the life-boat: "our" has a touch of grim irony:

Had left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms.
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,

crews in those days put their own safety before that of the passengers.

78. **left . . . to us,** left us in sole possession of the ship, then just at the point of sinking.

For the formation **sinking-ripe** cp. "weeping-ripe" = "at the point of weeping". *Love's Labour Lost*, 5. 2. 274.

79. **the latter born.** Antipholus of Ephesus.

Rowe, in view of line 125, below, altered this to "the elder-born."

83. **the other,** the others, viz. the two infants not yet disposed of.

The form "other" is both singular and plural. Cp. "some other" = some others", 4. 3. 5.

85. **on whom,** on the child (or children) on whom. **our care was fix'd,** each of us was looking after.

[86. **at either end (of) the mast.** Hanmer altered this to "at th' end of either mast", thus introducing *two* masts. The Lambs followed this version in their *Tales from Shakespeare*, but it introduces more difficulties than it solves.]

87. **floating straight,** *i.e.* not sinking when the ship sank, which took place immediately. "Straight" (= "straightway") occurs 6 times in this play. **stream,** current, tidal race.

Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us ;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came,—oh ! let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Aege. Oh ! had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues,

90. **Dispers'd . . . offended us,** lifted the fog that limited our field of vision.

91. **his** = its ("its" occurs nowhere in Shakespeare). **wished,** wished for, eagerly looked for. Cp. "and *wished* for the day." *Acts* 27. 29.

"Wished" has two syllables. [In the present edition "-'d" is printed in the text in place of "-ed", wherever the metre requires the elision of the vowel].

93. **making amain for us,** heading swiftly in our direction.

94. **that,** the one. **this,** the other.

Corinth, (famous for its two harbours), is on the isthmus to which it gives its name. **Epidaurus.** a city in Argolis, is not mentioned again in the play.

96. "Infer what happened next from that which I have related already."

100. **Worthily,** not without justification : cp. "unjust", line 105, below.

101. **twice five leagues** = 30 miles. Shakespeare often uses "league" (strictly speaking = 3 miles) very loosely : cp. *Much Ado,* 1. 1. 4 and *Henry V,* 3. 2. 46.

We were encount'red by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful SHIP was splitted in the midst ;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the other ship had seiz'd on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

102. **were encount'red by**—as if the rock was seen moving towards them—and so it would appear to do to the unpractised eye.

103. "And being violently dashed against this rock."

104. **our helpful ship.** If "ship" is not a printer's error for "mast", it must be used figuratively for "mast" = the spare yard now serving the purpose of a raft.

The ship itself—as we have interpreted line 78, above—had sunken the previous day.

105 **unjust,** pitiless (on the part of the gods). **divorce of us,** severance of husband and wife. This line sums up Aegeon's thirty-three years of woe.

107. **What to delight in,** viz. the particular twin son (and the slave attached to him) which each parent had taken charge of.

108. **Her part** *i e.* of the mast that had been broken in two. **seeming as burdened,** because it seemed to be burdened. This last word is first used in a *literal*, and then in a *metaphorical* sense. (The figure zeugma).

113. The ship coming from Epidaurus (line 94) is obviously meant.

Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd
guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Aege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

115. **healthful,** salutary, health-giving.

Knowing they had rescued a wealthy merchant who could amply reward their services, the mariners of Epidaurus receive him and his little ones with open arms, and gladly minister to their necessities.

116. **reft** (from "reave"), robbed, dispossessed **the fishers** (=the fishermen of Corinth).

Though "reave" is obsolete, the intensive "bereave" remains in common use.

119. **me sever'd from my bliss,** the story of my severance from my loved ones.

Domestic happiness seems to be the only kind of happiness Aegeon has any notion of.

120. **That,** so that. **was,** has been.

121. **To tell sad stories.** Cp. *Richard II,* 3. 2. 156 :

And tell *sad stories* of the death of kings.

Also *Titus Andronicus,* 3. 2. 83 :

Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

123. **dilate,** narrate. 124. **befallen of,** befallen, happened to.

[125 **My youngest boy.** We have seen that Rowe altered line 79 to harmonize it with this one. Other editors, on the other hand, have altered this line to harmonize it with that one.

This Scene contains various other instances of hasty workmanship on Shakespeare's part. No doubt he was impatient to get to the main plot, to which Aegeon's story is leading up.]

At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother. but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him ;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.

128. **his case was like.** The slave was no less anxious than the freeman to find his lost brother.

129. **but retain'd his name,** but yet *retaining* his name, viz. the name Dromio. Note the change of construction.

131. **labour'd of a love to see,** was filled with a passionate longing to see.

The idea in "labour'd" is mental travail. Compare with this what the *mother* says of *hers* in 5. 1. 400.

"Love" here=yearning, consuming desire ; a sense sometimes borne by Latin *amor*.

131, 132. **whom,** the son whom he had lost. **whom,** the son who had always been with him.

133. **farthest Greece.** This geographical term includes the remotest colonies of the Greeks,—in Europe, in Africa, and in Asia.

"Greece" or "Hellas" was in classical times used to designate any part of the world in which the Greeks had established their colonies.

134. **clean,** completely, leaving no spot unvisited.

135. **coasting,** sailing along the coast (and visiting the ports on his route).

136. **Hopeless to find,** not hoping to find these whom I am in quest of. In the absence of hope, he is urged on by despair.

137. **Or that,** either Ephesus. **harbours,** gives habitation to.

But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Aegeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
¶ Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
Gaol. I will, my lord.
Aege. Hopeless and helpless doth Aegeon wend,

141. **Hapless,** unfortunate. **the fates**, the decrees of the gods.
145. **disannul,** utterly annul, treat as null and void.—
The prefix "dis—" has intensive force, as in "*dis*sever",—another example where the simple form in itself is already negative.
147. **the death.** Death by judicial sentence.
151. **limit...day,** give you till sunset.
The second foot in this verse is a trochee.
152. **beneficial help,** charitable assistance.
156. **Gaoler.** Three syllables.
158. **wend,** bend his steps. The *direction his steps are to take* is of little moment to Aegeon.

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*The Market-place of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

1. Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamium,
Lest-that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy-out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

This verb is the causative of "wind".

159. **procrastinate,** defer, put off. (Latin *cras* = to-morrow).
lifeless end, joyless existence, now nearing an end.

[The Folios have "liveless" – the antithesis of "lively".]

An outer-stage Scene, i. e. the traverse curtain is drawn, so as to shut off the inner stage. That the present Scene represents the Market-place of Ephesus, may be inferred from Antipholus' reference in 2. 2. 5-6 to the events here transacted.

1. Antipholus has just stepped ashore at Ephesus, and the friendly Merchant has been giving him timely warning about the harsh Ephesian law relating to strangers from Syracuse.

you are of Epidamium. This is merely the truth. Not being a "Syracusian born" (1. 1. 19), he does not come under the statute of the town.

5. **buy out,** ransom, redeem. Cp. 1. 1. 22.

7. **the weary sun.** The pathetic fallacy. Cp. *Richard III*, 5. 3. 19 :

Of the old, feeble, and *day-wearied* sun.

There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the CENTAUR, where we HOST,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
¶ Within this hour it will be dinner-time ;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I 'am stiff and weary.
¶ Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. *Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,

9. **the Centaur.** An inn or hostelry. **host,** lodge, put up.

Inns and taverns still receive their names from the device or sign above the door. Such "alehouse painted signs" are often alluded to in Shakespeare.

11-15. These lines are addressed to his friend, the *First Merchant.*

11. **dinner-time.** The dinner-hour was at noon in Shakespeare's time.

12. **view the manners,** "see the sights". Cp *Tw. Night,* 3. 3. 22 :

> Let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials and the things of fame
> That do renown this city.

One of sights the would be the Temple of Diana, accounted fourth in order of greatness among the Seven Wonders of the World.

13. **Peruse the traders.** "look into the shop-windows". Cp. "Hamlet ... will not *peruse* the foils." *Ham.* 4. 7. 137.

[17-18. This speech, though given to Dromio, seems rather to be the Merchant's expression of astonishment at Antipholus' faith in servant.]

18. **mean,** means, opportunity.

19. **A trusty villain.** The word "villain", here used in playful irony, will be applied to the same servant much less tolerantly in line 96, below.

Lightens my humour with HIS MERRY JESTS.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?
1. Mer I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
(Please you), I'll meet with you upon the Mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time,
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
1 Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. *Exit.*
Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get;

21. **humour,** mood, despondency. **with his merry jests.** It it important to observe that the servant is *encouraged* to play the fool with his master. Cp. 2. 2. 26—27.

26. **Soon at five o'clock,** at about five o'clock. Cp. "soon at supper-time", 3. 2. 179.

27. **Please you,** if it please you, if you are willing.

28. **consort you,** consort with you, give you my company.

32. **I commend ... content,** I leave you to your own society, knowing that you need no other companionship but your own thoughts.

About the date of this play Shakespeare wrote to the Earl of Southampton :- "I leave ... your honour to your heart's content." *Dedication of Venus and Adonis.*

The *First Merchant* never appears again in the play.

33-40. Finding himself alone, Antipholus begins to soliloquize upon the task to which he has dedicated his life, the quest for his long-lost brother. He is discouraged by the fruitlessness of his long years of search, and has little hope of being more successful here in Ephesus than he has been in other places.

I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
¶ What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,

35. **I to the world,** etc. His seeking through the wide world for his brother seems to him like one drop of water seeking in the ocean for another drop of water.

37-38. **Who,** which. **find ... forth,** find out, discover. **inquisitive** has the classical sense of "occupied in seeking". **confounds himself,** is utterly lost.

He feels he is as much lost as the brother he is trying to find.

41. **the almanac ... date.** This is a roundabout way of naming Dromio, who was born in the same inn, and at the same hour, as himself. Cp. 4. 4. 32.

42. **How chance,** how chances it, how does it come about? Cp. *2 Henry IV*, 4. 4. 20:

How *chance* thou art not with the prince thy brother?

43-52. These words, on the stage, would be uttered in breathless haste, regardless of the stops that appear upon the printed page. Cp. line 53, below.

44. **The capon,** i.e. the chicken. **falls from the spit,** is on the point of falling off the 'spit,' i. e. the bar on which the roasting meat rotates. Cp. 3. 2. 151, note.

The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it ONE upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. Oh,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

45. **strucken**, struck.

Shakespeare also writes "stricken" and "strook" for the p.p. of this verb, and various other forms besides. See Onions.

46. **made...cheek**, has struck me *once* on my cheek.

49. **stomach**: (1) appetite, (2) inclination.

Cp. "Then shall we find to-morrow that they [the English] have only *stomachs* to eat, and none to fight." *Henry V*, 3. 7. 166. There is a similar play on these two meanings in *Merch. of Venice*, 3. 5. 54.

51. **fast and pray.** Dromio afterwards expands this (see 89-90 below.)

52. **penitent.** Used actively = "doing penance".

53. **in your wind**, in your "wind of words" (*Lucrece*, 1330).

55. **o' Wednesday last**, last Wednesday.

56. **my mistress' crupper.** This appendage to the saddle had often to go to the saddler for repair. Cp. "a woman's *crupper*...here and there pieced with packthread". *Taming of the Shrew*, 3.2.61.

59. **and dally not**, and let me have no more of this fooling. Cp.

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in POST;
If I return, I shall be POST indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your CLOCK
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

1 Henry IV, 5-3-57:

What, is it time to jest and *dally* now?

62. **They are both perfectly in earnest**, but each supposes that the other is hoaxing him.

This is only the first of many similar situations in the play.

63. **in post**, in post-haste, at the top of my speed.

64. **I shall be post indeed.** This refers to the upright post (once conspicuous in every tavern), upon which the reckonings of customers were tallied or scored up. Christopher Sly declares that in the alehouse at Wincot he is "fourteen pence on the score." *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 2. 25.

Dromio, though he is only a servant, resents that he should be treated as if he was no better than such a block as that.

65. **she... pate.** My mistress will work off the bad temper she is in, because you don't come home to dinner, by pummelling *me* on the head.

"Pate" (=head) occurs 5 times in the play: and always, except in 2. 2. 71, in connection with pummellings.

66. **maw** strictly speaking = the stomach of a *voracious* animal. **be your clock**, give you warning that it is dinner-time.

This was a common witticism. Cp. "The *clock* of my stomach strikes inwardly, and importunately craves his due" (*The Passenger of Benvenuto*). "But, sir, the *clock* of my belly bids me tell u 'tis noon" (*The Wandering Jew*).

Dro. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, Sir Knave, have done your foolishness;
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house, the PHOENIX, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is THE THOUSAND MARKS thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship THOSE again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

72. **have done** (with) **your foolishness.** Antipholus thinks that his servant is giving him "a touch of his quality" in the capacity of licensed fool (cp. 2. 2. 27).

73. **dispos'd thy charge = bestow'd my money** (line 78), *viz.* the money left in thy charge.

75. **your house, the Phoenix.** Even private houses in Shakespeare's time had their distinctive names—the same as the taverns. Street-numbers, which have done away with this custom, are of comparatively recent origin.

The Phoenix was a fabulous Arabian bird, the only one of its species. After living 500 years, it lit its own funeral pyre and consigned itself to the flames. Then its successor arose out of its ashes.

78. **bestow'd,** stowed, deposited.

79. **sconce.** Another facetious word for the *head*.

80. **stands on tricks,** insists on jesting with me.

81-84. There is here a succession of quibbles on **mark** (1) in the sense of "coin", and (2) in the sense of "trace left by a blow".

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
PHOENIX;
She that doth FAST till you come home to dinner,
And PRAYS that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you THAT, Sir Knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold
your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'erraught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

90. **hie ... dinner,** hasten home to dinner.

91. **flout me,** make a fool of *me*, who am your master.

92. **Sir Knave.** An ironical form of address. Cp. line 72, above, and 3. 1. 64.

Cp. also "Sir Boy" (*Much Ado*, 5. 1. 83); "Sir Page" (*W. Tale* 1. 2. 135); etc.

93. **hold your hands,** desist from your blows. Cp. 4. 4. 24.

94. **an,** if. **take my heels,** take *to* my heels.

96. **is o'erwraught of,** has been cheated or defrauded of.

97. **cozenage,** cheats, impostors. The abstract for the concrete.

98. **nimble.** This word is derived from OE *niman* = to take, and its use here agrees with its etymology.

jugglers, conjurers (as we nowadays use the word).

Etymologically "juggler" = "jester", the word being derived from Latin *joculare*, to joke or to jest.

BCU 695

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the CENTAUR, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE 1

[*The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

99. **dark-working.** Working in the night, or in secrecy, or by infernal means. Cp. *2 Henry VI*, 1. 4. 18:

Wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silence of the night.

99-100. **sorcerers** are here supposed to exert their demoniacal influence over the **mind**, and **witches** over the **body**, of the person who falls under their spells.

101. **mountebanks,** charlatans who sell quack medicines, etc.

A "mountebank" is, strictly speaking, one who mounts *on a bench* (Italian *monta in banko*), a stump-orator.

Coriolanus thinks that to address the people in the Roman Forum with a view to securing their votes=to "*mountebank* their loves". *Cor.* 3. 2. 132.

102. **liberties of sin,** licensed offenders against public morals. Abstract for concrete.

GS 2692

This is another full-stage Scene. When the traverse curtain is drawn aside, we discover the dining-chamber of Antipholus' house.

1-3. Adriana's petulant outburst has been likened by Kreyssig to "a storm in a glass of water".

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty.
Time is their master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come ; if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?
Luc. Because their business STILL lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound : in earth, in sea, in sky,
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls ;
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

On the stage, she would be observed, every now and then, looking out at the window for signs of her husband, or of the servant whom she has sent to fetch him.

4. **hath invited him.** Cp. 4. 3. 4.

8-9. **Time...come.** Men have their appointments out of doors, which prevent their being for ever at their wives' beck and call.

11. **still,** continually. Cp. 4. 4. 46 and 5. 1. 386.

12. **when ... so,** when I play the truant, as he does.

15. It is a choice between the *bridle* and the *lash*. If wives will not submit to the former, they will find that there is no escaping from the latter.

17. **his,** its. Cp. 1. 2. 37. **bound,** limit beyond which the creature in question cannot stray.

19. **controls.** Abstract nouns in the plural are a feature of Shakespearian grammar. Cp. "accords", line 25, below ; "sleeps (Folio), 5. 1. 71 ; and other examples in this play.

Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords :
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed...
But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear.

Adr. PATIENCE UNMOV'D ! no marvel though she pause.
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain ;

22. **Indu'd**, endued, furnished.

25. **let ... accords,** let wives conform to their husbands' wishes.

30. **start some other where,** go in pursuit of some other woman. "Where" is here used like a noun.

[Johnson proposed to read, "start some other *hare*", an ingenious emendation, but not absolutely required].

32. **unmov'd** ! not to be moved, incapable of agitation. **pause**, "to rest, to be in quiet" (Johnson).

33. **no other cause**, no cause (or provocation) to be anything but patient.

The two sisters are of strongly contrasted temperaments, and Adriana can see nothing praiseworthy in Luciana's power of self-control.

34-37. The sentiment of these lines is repeated in *Much Ado*, 5. 1. 27 : "No, no ; 'tis all men's office [=what everyone can do] to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow."

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve
thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me ;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This FOOL-BEGG'D PATIENCE in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man ; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? Know'st thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could UNDERSTAND it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that

39. **helpless,** which can afford no help.

40. **to see like right bereft,** to find yourself, like me, deprived of your liberty.

41. **This ... left.** This patience, which you foolishly beg of me to practise, you will cease to practise yourself, when you, like me, have a husband to tyrannize over you.

45. **at two hands with me.** Meaning that his master has been boxing his ears.

49. **Beshrew his hand,** plague on his hand! A mild imprecation.

50. **doubtfully,** ambiguously.

53. **withal,** at the same time.

I could scarce UNDERSTAND them.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold !
"'Tis dinner-time !" quoth I; "My gold !" quoth he.
"Your meat doth burn !" quoth I ; "My gold !"
quoth he.
"Will you come home ?" quoth I ; "My gold !"
quoth he,
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee,
villain ?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd !" "My gold !"
quoth he.
"My mistress, sir—" quoth I ; "Hang up thy
mistress !
I know not thy mistress : out on thy mistress !"
Luc. Quoth who ?
Dro. E. Quoth my master.
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no
mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;

54. **understand** : (1) comprehend, and (2) stand under. Cp. line 49, above.

The same quibble occurs in *Twelfth Night*, 3. 1. 89 : "My legs better *understand* me, sir, than I *understand* what you mean."

55. **prithee**, pr'ythee, pray thee.

68. **Out on.** An interjection expressing anger.

Other instances occur in 3. 1. 77 and 4. 4. 129. Cp. "*Out on thee*, rude man !" *King John*, 1. 1. 64.

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate A-CROSS.

Dro. E. And he will bless that CROSS with other beating:
Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I'm to last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*]

72. **my errand.** Here = the answer you sent me for. **due... tongue,** that I should have brought back by word of mouth.

79. **bless that cross.** Punning on "a-cross" in the previous line. We have printed that word with a hyphen, as it stands in the Folio.

For the quibble, cp. "If I can *cross* him in any way, I *bless* myself every way." "*Much Ado*, 1. 3. 69.

80. **a holy head:** because marked by many *crosses*.

This seems more probable than to suppose "holy" = "full of holes".

82. **so round with me.** "He plays upon the word 'round', which signifies 'spherical' applied to himself, and 'unrestrained' or 'free in speech' or 'action', spoken of his mistress". Johnson.

For the second of these senses cp. "Your reproof is something too *round*." *Henry* V, 4.1. 216.

84. The servant objects to being bandied about between master and mistress, as if he were a sort of football.

85. **If... service,** if I am to last out (or remain long) in your employment. **case me in leather.** This alludes, of course, to the leather cover of a football.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his MINIONS grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? THEN HE hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; HE'S MASTER OF MY STATE.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed FAIR,

[The words perhaps convey a hint that his mistress might give him a suit of buff. Cp. 4. 2. 36.]

86. **loureth**, scowls (like a storm-cloud).

87. "He must needs flatter **his minions** (=darlings or favourites) with his society."

88. **starve for** (want of) **a merry look.**

Cp. "I...am *starved for* meat". *Taming of the Shrew*, 4. 3. 9.

92-93. **if...hard**, if my conversation is no longer so sprightly as it was, it is his indifference that makes it dull and insipid.

94. **bait**, allure, captivate.

95. **he's master of my state.** "State" here="dress". She means that her husband is master of her wardrobe, and that she dresses in conformity with his liking.

"State" means "dress" in *Sonnet* 15. 8:

And wear their brave *state* out of memory.

96-97. Adriana thinks of herself as a beautiful building falling into ruin. The figure is kept up in the word "repair", line 99, below.

97-98. **the ground...defeatures**, the cause of the falling off or deterioration of my good looks. For "defeatures" cp.

A sunny look of his, would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.
Luc. Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a CHAIN ;
Would THAT alone, alone he would detain !

99. **decayed fair,** wasted beauty.

Of "fair" as a substantive we have many examples in Shakespeare. Cp. the quibbling line, *Venus and Adonis*, 1083 ;

Having no *fair* to lose, you need not *fear*.

Also *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1. 1. 182 :

Demetrius loves your *fair* : O happy *fair*.

100. **too unruly deer** The pun is obvious, "deer" and "dear" being pronounced alike.

Shakespeare was fond of this pun on "deer" and "dear", if we may judge by its frequency in his writings. Cp. *Venus* and *Adonis*, 231 :

I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*.

breaks the pale, breaks down the paling (or fence) enclosing his park. This, as applied to her husband, means his home, from which he is so frequent a truant.

101. **stale.** Various senses of this word may be played on in this passage : (1) a laughing-stock ; (2) a decoy ; (3) a thing vapid and flavourless.

103. **with...dispense,** pocket injuries like mine.

For a similar employment of "dispense" (=put up with, ignore) cp. "*Dispense with* trifles !" *Merry Wives*, 2. 1. 47.

105 **what lets...here ?** what hinders his being here ? Cp. *Two Gentlemen*, 3. 1. 113 :

What *lets* but one may enter at her window ?

107. **that alone,** merely the promised chain. **detain,** withhold from me.

Since-that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*A public place.*]

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the CENTAUR; and the heedful slave
Is wand'red forth, in care to seek me out
By computation, and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the Mart. See, here he comes.

Even as she is uttering these querulous words, her husband is in the Goldsmith's shop, watching the completion of the chain, and hoping that he may be able to bring it home with him.

116. **fond**, foolish, doting.

The traverse curtain now closes upon the interior of Antipholus' house, and once more we are amidst the busy thoroughfares of Ephesus.

We return to the adventures of Antipholus of Syracuse, who, at the end of Act 1, Scene 2, was afraid about the safety of his money. A visit to the "Centaur" has relieved his mind on that score, and has restored his confidence in his servant.

4. **By computation**, etc. Dromio had told the Host of the "Centaur" how long he was to be absent, and it is not yet time for his return.

7. **your merry humour**. This refers to the invitation to dine at the "Phoenix". Antipholus is inclined to regard this as a practical joke on the part of his man, who (as we have seen) sometimes took on him the rôle of professional jester. Cp. 1. 2. 19-21.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir ! is your MERRY HUMOUR alter'd ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again,
You know no CENTAUR ? You receiv'd no gold ?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?
My house was at the PHOENIX ? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

Dro. S. What answer, sir ? when spake I such a word ?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the CENTAUR, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad, to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth ?

14. **hour** is a disyllable.

Many other monosyllables ending in -r or -re are similarly lengthened in pronunciation for the sake of the metre. Cp. "hire", 4. 1. 95 ; "hear", 5. 1. 26 ; and "sour", 5. 1. 45. Another familiar instance (not in this play) is "fire".

15. **I did not see you ... since.** For the tense cp. "I could not speak ... since" (line 5, above), and "I was not angry since" (*Henry V*, 4. 7. 58.)

In each of these three instances, instead of the *simple past*, we would now use the *complete present*—"I have not seen", "I have not spoken", "I have not been angry."

"The difference depends upon a difference of thought, the action being regarded *simply* as *past*, without reference to the *present* or to *completion*." Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 246.

19 Antipholus is thinking of the drubbing he gave to the *other* Dromio. 2.1.45-54.

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou THAT, and
THAT. *Beats Dro.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is
EARNEST.
Upon what BARGAIN do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because-that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave batter-

25. **Upon what bargain**, by what agreement (as between master and servant.) A quibble, perhaps, on **earnest** (in the line preceding)="the seal of a bargain".

27. **use you for my fool.** Cp. note on line 7, above.

28. **sauciness**, insolence to superiors. **jest upon**, trifle with.

29. **make a common ... hours**, "trespass" upon my privacy.

[A "common" is unenclosed land, land belonging to a "community". Often used in the plural: cp. "[A petition] against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the *commons* of Melford." 2 *Henry VI*, 1. 3. 24.]

30-31. This apologue has for its moral that it is the duty of servants (**gnats**) to study the varying moods of their master (**the sun**), and to regulate their conduct accordingly.

The "gnat" is a familiar type of that which is both insignificant and annoying.

32. **know my aspect**, learn to judge my mood from the features of my face.

33. **fashion**, adapt, accommodate.

34. **in your sconce**, *into* your (thick) skull. Cp. 1. 2. 79.

ing, I had rather have it a head...But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know ?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I AM beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they say, EVERY WHY HATH A WHEREFORE.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me ; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason ?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir ! For what ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time ?

Dro. S. No, sir, I think the meat wants that I have [got for you.]

Ant. S. In good time, sir ; what's that ?

45. **every why...wherefore.** Mock logic. The servant asks for a complete statement of the cause of his beating.

49 **neither rhyme nor reason**, no ground or justification whatever.

In those proverbial sayings—common to all peoples—which embody popular beliefs and superstitions, *rhyme* is frequently forced to do duty for *reason*.

57. "The meat that I have got for you wants something done to it before it is ready for the table."

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason ?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of FATHER TIME himself.

[Some such words as those within brackets seem to have dropped out of the text.]

59. **Basting**, i. e. it wants to be basted. Meat is "basted" by pouring gravy over it to prevent burning.

63. **choleric**, inclined to anger, irascible.

The old physiology taught that a person's temperament depended on the proportions of the "humours" in his body, viz. (1) "blood", (2) "phlegm", (3) "choler" (or "bile"), and (4) "melancholy".

Dromio's opinion about over-done meat is also met with in the *Taming of the Shrew*, in the Scene where Petruchio throws away the meat brought on the table for Katherine, on the pretence that it is dry and burnt, and that such meat "engenders choler, planteth anger" (4. 1. 173).

65. **another dry basting**, a second sound beating. **learn to jest in good time.** Cp. *Tw. Night*, 3. 1. 69:

> He must observe their mood on whom he jests.

Also the well-known passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 5. 2. 871-875:

> A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
> Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
> Of him that makes it.

67-68. Dromio means that a master's blows can be just as much out of season as a servant's jests.

Ant. S Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

Dor. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is TIME such a niggard of hair, being (as it is) so plentiful an excrement ?

Dro. S. TIME himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers...

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.— But, soft ! who WAFTS us yonder ?

71. The picturesque figure of old Father Time, with his bald head, his hour-glass, and his sickle, is often alluded to in Shakespeare, especially in the *Sonnets*.

In spite of all that is said here on the subject of his baldness, he was not *absolutely* bald. "Take time by the top" (*Much Ado*, 1. 2. 15) is a proverbial saying referring to his single lock of hair in front, the modern form of which runs: "Take time by the forelock".

75. by fine and recovery. A legal process conferring absolute ownership of property.

79. **excrement.** This word is applied to anything such as hair, beard, nails, etc. of the nature of *outgrowth*.

The hair is described in Fuller's *Worthies of England* as "the last of our *excrements* that perish".

110. **a bald conclusion,** i. e. inept, futile. There is here an obvious quibble on the subject-matter of the long dialogue which this remark not unfairly sums up and concludes.

[The lines omitted in the present edition were marked spurious by Pope.]

111. **wafts us,** beckons or waves to us.

Adriana supposes that she has discovered the husband and the servant whom she had come out of doors to seek for : she is amazed that the recognition is not *mutual*.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, ANTIPHOLUS, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I AM NOT ADRIANA, NOR THY WIFE.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from THYSELF?
"THYSELF" I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

114. Adriana translates into words what Antipholus of Syracuse is saying to her in the language of signs and gestures. A line like this shows that Shakespeare wrote with his eye on the stage.

117. This dovetailing of clauses is the "distributive" (also termed the "respective") construction.—Four propositions are here interwoven into a complex whole.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, 3. 2. 16-18 we find an even more elaborate example,—quoted and commented on by Jevons in his *Elementary Lessons in Logic*, p. 90.

120. This line is an Alexandrine, a verse of six iambic feet.

The play, as printed in the Folio, contains so many of these that they obviously belong to the metrical scheme of the play. Cp. 3. 1. 1; 4. 2. 4; and 5. 1, 174.

The older editors, in their too-great love for mechanical regularity, tortured all these into pentameters in which, however, we somehow miss the Shakespearian quality of the original.

123. **"Thyself" I call it.** "You cannot estrange yourself from me without becoming a stranger to yourself, seeing that I am your own flesh and blood." A paradox based on *Genesis* 2. 24.

Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my Love, as easy mayst thou FALL
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too...

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, (every word by all my wit being scann'd),
Want wit, in all, one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By DROMIO?

Hamlet plays with the same paradox when he says that "man and wife are one flesh" (*Ham.* 4. 3. 54).

125. **thy dear self's better part**, thy soul. Cp. *Sonnet* 74. 8:

My spirit is thine, the *better part* of me.

127. **fall**, let fall.

128. **in the breaking gulf**, into the foaming cataract.

This simile illustrates the above doctrine of the inseparableness of husband and wife, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

150. **two hours old.** Cp. 1. 1. 45, note.

152-153. **Who...understand**, and I am at my wit's end to perceive the drift of your speech, your words are a mere enigma to me.

154. **how the world**, etc. Luciana means that he has not always been so indifferent to his wife.

Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time!
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,—
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;

163. **course and drift**, object, intention. **compact**, plot, conspiracy.

169. **inspiration** (five syllables), divine or supernatural influence.

171. **counterfeit**, dissemble, be a party in a conspiracy.

172. **in my mood**. Cp. 4. 4. 4.

173-174 Be it granted that something for which I am to blame keeps you apart from me, yet do not aggravate matters by showing your contempt of me—do not both desert me and despise me. **wrong**, wrong-doing. **exempt**, separated. **more**, greater.

"Wrong" (or "wrongs") occurs in the present play 8 times: (*a*) 4 times in the *active* sense of injuries which a person imposes on others (2. 2. 173; 3. 2. 17; 5. 1. 146; and 5. 1. 201); and (*b*) 4 times in the *passive* sense injuries which a person is himself the victim [of (2. 1. 103; 3. 1. 16; 5. 1. 217: and 5. 1. 398).

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ; 180
Which, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream ?

176. This is a favourite figure of the poets to describe the ideal relationship between husband and wife : it occurs both in Virgil and Ovid. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 5. 215 :

> They led the vine
> To wed the elm ; she, spous'd, about him twines
> Her marriagable arms, and with her brings
> Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
> His barren leaves.

178. **to communicate**, to take a share in, to participate in.

180. **Usurping ivy.** Prospero speaks of his brother (the *usurper* Antonio) in the following terms : (*Tempest*, 1. 2. 85) :

> Now he was
> The *ivy*, which had hid my princely trunk,
> And suck'd my verdure out on't.

180. **idle**, barren, yielding nothing.

181. **who**, which.

182. **infect thy sap.** Cp. the last line of the above quotation from *The Tempest*.

live on they confusion. Parasites ultimately destroy the source from which they draw their nourishment.

183. **moves me for her theme**, makes *me* the subject of her discourse.

184. **in my dream**, in some forgotten dream of mine.

Or sleep I now and think I hear all this? 185
What ERROR drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy. [*He gives her his arm.*]

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. 190
This is the fairy land. Oh, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites.

185. **Or sleep I now.** Whether he now be awake or asleep is more than he can determine.

Antipholus' situation has numerous parallels in Shakespeare. Cp. Sebastian's words, *Tw. Night*, 4. 1. 65:

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Christophor Sly says in *T. of Shrew* (Ind. 2. 71):

Do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

Imogen says in *Cymbeline* (4. 2. 306):

The dream's here still: e'en when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

187. **this sure uncertainty,** this mystery, about which the only thing certain its is mysteriousness. Oxymoron.

188. **I'll entertain...fallacy,** I will surrender myself to the illusion here presented to my senses.

He now permits Adriana to take him by the arm and conduct him to her house.

190. **Oh, for my beads!** Dromio calls for his rosary, the string of beads used in the repetition of prayers. **cross me,** cross myself. Making the sign of the cross was regarded as a protection against evil spirits. **for a sinner:** cp. "for a villain", 5. 1. 32.

191. **the fairy land:** not, to Dromio, a world of unimaginable delights, but, on the contrary, a world of unknown terrors. Cp. note on "a fairy", 4. 2. 35. **Oh, spite of spites!** An exclamation of dismay. Cp. "Oh, cursed spite! *Hamlet*, 1. 5. 189.

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not ?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I ?

Ant. S. I think thou art, IN MIND, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true ; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

192. **goblins**, ugly demons. **owls**, e.g. the screech-owl, a bird of evil omen supposed to be in league with witches. **sprites** is the archaic form of "spirits".

[This defective line is probably corrupt. Eleven different emendations are given in the *Cambridge Edition*. It is frequently printed as follows :

We talk with goblins, owls, and *elvish* sprites.]

193. **suck our breath**. Cp. "Suck away our souls". *Henry V.* 4. 2. 17. **pinch us black and blue**. This is how Prospero punishes Caliban's delinquencies in *The Tempest* : cp. 1. 1. 325 :

Thou shalt be *pinch'd*
As thick as honeycomb, each *pinch* more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

197. Shakespeare is already dreaming of his Fairy World of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of the translation of Bottom into an ass.

204. **But I should**, that I should not.

Adr. Come, come ; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep ;
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine ABOVE with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
¶ Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth ; and let no creature enter.
¶ Come, sister. ¶ Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?
Sleeping or waking ? Mad, or well-advis'd ?
Known unto these ! and to myself disguis'd !
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this MIST at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate ?
Adr. Ay ; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

206. **To put** ... **weep**, to weep in childish fashion. The same expression occurs in *T. of the Shrew*, 1. 1. 79.

208. **keep the gate**. Cp. "play the porter well" (213, below).

210. **shrive you** etc. "That is", says Johnson, "I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks".

But to shrive includes also *absolution*. Though no doubt she wants to hear about her husband's ongoings, Adriana shows also her readiness to make up the quarrel and to let bygones be bygones.

211. **Sirrah**, fellow. Used in speaking to an inferior.

215. **well-advis'd**, in my sober senses, in possession of all my faculties. Cp. 5. 1. 214.

216. **to myself disguis'd**, an unknown mystery to myself.

218. **this mist**, this world of dreams, this atmosphere of enchantment.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, the goldsmith, and Balthazar, the merchant.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,

This is a front-stage Scene. The traverse-curtain represents the façade of the "Phoenix". The open space in front is a public street in Ephesus. (See line 99, note).

Antipholus of Ephesus, the master of the house—with whose domestic circumstances the audience is already well acquainted—now makes his first appearance in the play He is arriving late for dinner, and has friends with him whom he has invited to come and share his mid-day meal. He has some presentiment of family jars—but no prevision of the scene that is awaiting him!

From 31 to 83 a group outside in the street angrily demand admittance, and a group inside the house refuse to open the door.

2. **shrewish**, ill-tempered, querulous.

4. **carcanet**, a necklace of gold, set with jewels. Elsewhere it is called simply a chain.

6. **would face me down**, has the face (or the assurance) to tell me (that). Cp. "out-facing me" (5. 1. 244).

8. **And charg'd him with**, and that I handed over to him, gave into his keeping.

And that I did deny my wife and house.

¶ Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the Mart, I have your hand to show.
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

9. **deny**, repudiate, disown.

11. **I know what I know**. This tautological statement means that he has ground for what he says and is not to be shaken out of his conviction.

The same words occur in *Meas. for Meas.* 3. 2. 161: "Come, sir, I know what I know".

12. **hand**, i. e. the mark of your hand. This leads to a quibble on "handwriting".

13. **If the skin were parchment**, etc. This conceit is one more illustration of Shakespeare's love for legal terminology. Cp. *King John*, 5. 7. 33:

> I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
> Upon a parchment.

15. **Marry**, indeed, to be sure. The word is a corruption of "Mary", i. e. the Virgin Mary.

19. **our cheer**, our entertainment, the food to be set before us.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common ; THAT every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome MORE common ; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest ;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft ! my door is lock'd. ¶ Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn !

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcomb, Idiot, Patch !

28. **cates**, choice dishes, dainties.

30. **soft !** An exclamation = "wait a moment ; hush !"

He tries to open the door and finds it locked.

31. The names of the maid-servants—familiarly known to the Dromio without—sound to the Dromio within like so many terms of abuse. In the next line he shows that he can "give a Roland for an Oliver"—can meet insolence with still greater insolence.

32. **Mome**, buffoon, **Malt-horse**, heavy brewer's horse. **Capon**, idiot. **Coxcomb**, conceited person. **Patch**, professional fool.

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When ONE is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner! I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio...

33. **the hatch**. The postern or side-entrance. This was often a half-door or wicket.

34. **conjure for wenches**, raise them, make them appear by magical means. This was the office of the *magician*. Cp. 5. 1. 242, note. **such store**, so many, viz. *six*.

36. "What clown is this, who has been made our porter?"

42. **owe**, own, possess.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office
and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Enter Luce [*within*].

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio? Who
are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. [*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh...
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in,
I HOPE?

45. **mickle**, much. Cp. "An oath of *mickle* might." *Henry V*, 2. 1. 70.

46-47. Dromio of Ephesus, who feels his ears still tingling in consequence of the rough encounter on the Mart described in 1. 2. 91-92, expresses the wish that this mysterious "double" of his, usurping his office of porter, had been in his place to receive that buffeting in his stead.

This is obviously the sense of his words, but the expression is obscure. One commentator remarks that "what Dromio could mean by 'changing a name for an ass', would pose the Sphinx and Oedipus".

Enter Luce [*within.*] Luce appears upon the balcony (or upper stage) of the theatre, where she is joined by her mistress at line 60. To the *audience* they are visible, but they are invisible to the *dramatis personae* on the front stage who are seeking an entrance into the house.

48. **what a coil**, what a confusion, what an uproar! Cp. *Hamlet*, 3. 1. 67:

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake ? 57

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ? 60

Enter Adriana [*within*].

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise ?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

When we have shuffled off this mortal *coil*.

54. **minion**, "saucy woman, hussy, jade." As there is nothing to rhyme with **hope** in the original, it may be supposed that a line has dropped out of the text.

It has been suggested that the missing verse ended with "rope", and that Antipholus of Ephesus here threatens to castigate his wife with this instrument. In a later Scene he sends his man for a rope's-end with a view to carrying out such a purpose (4. 1. 16).

57. **baggage**. An unpleasant term of reproach applied to a good-for-nothing woman.

60. **What needs all that** ? Why must we put up with all this disturbance ? **a pair of stocks**. This was a wooden framework, with holes for the feet, in which certain classes of offenders were exposed to public ridicule.

61. **keeps**, keeps up.

62. **unruly boys**. Like the London apprentices of Shakespeare's own time.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*]. YOUR WIFE, SIR KNAVE! Go, get you from the door...

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate...

Dro. S. [*Within.*] It seems thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

67. **part**, depart.

69. **there is something in the wind**, some plot or conspiracy is going on behind our backs.

72. **bought and sold**. A pleonasm for "sold" = deluded, overreached.

Similarly in colloquial speech a "sell" = a deception, a disappointment.

74. **break any breaking**, commit any violence. **your knave's pate**, your head, which is a *knave's* head.

Dro. E. Here's too much "OUT upon thee!" I pray thee, let me IN.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

79. A pleonastic way of saying "never".

Cp. the saying, "on the Greek calends" (there being none in the Greek calendar).

80. **a crow**, a crowbar, an iron bar used as a lever for forcing open a door, etc.

It got its name from the fancied resemblance of its bent and flattened end to the beak of a crow.

83. **pluck a crow together.** This is a jocular way of intimating to a person that one has some difference to settle with him. Cp. "to have a bone to pick with a person."

87. **the compass of suspect**, the range of suspicion.

89. **Once this**, once for all, to be brief.

Why at this time the doors are MADE against you.
Be rul'd by me ; depart in patiënce,
And let us to the TIGER all to dinner ;
And, about evening, come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead ;
For slander lives upon succession,

93. **made**, made fast, locked or barred.

95. **the Tiger**. An eating-house bearing the sign of this animal above its door. It is not again mentioned.

97. **restraint**, lock-out.

98. **offer**, attempt (generally with violence).

Cp. "Iago *offers* to stab Emilia" (*Stage-direction*, *Othello*, 5. 2. 223). See also *Stage-directions* in Act 4, Scene 4 of the present play.

99. **the stirring passage of the day**, the busy part of the day, when crowds are thronging the streets.

100. **vulgar**, public. Latin *vulgus*, the people.

101. **And that supposed**, and that (will be) conjectured by **the common rout**, by the promiscuous crowd.

102. **ungalled estimation**, unwounded reputation.

This Antipholus, as we shall learn afterwards, is a most highly respected citizen of Ephesus. Cp. 4. 1. 4-8.

105. **slander lives upon succession**, a slanderous tale is repeated from one generation to the next. Cp. *Julius Cæsar*, 3. 2. 75:

The evil that men do lives after them.

For ever hous'd, where-it gets possessïon.
Ant. E. **You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,**
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle.
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—BUT, I PROTEST, WITHOUT DESERT—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] **Get you home**
And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you to the PORPENTINE ;
For there's the house. ¶ **That chain will I bestow**
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine Hostess there. ¶ **Good sir, make haste.**

108 **despite of mirth**, though at present not in the least disposed to gaiety.

109. **a wench**. This word in Shakespeare's time was applied to a woman without any disparagement.

Prospero says to Miranda, "Well remembered, *wench!*" *Tempest*, 1. 2. 139. Lucrece says to her maid, "Know, gentle *wench*". *Lucr.* 1273.

110. **gentle**, well-born, a gentlewoman. Cp. *Mids. N. Dream*, 3. 2. 152 :

You would not use a *gentle* lady so.

112. **without desert**, without my deserving my wife's upbraiding.

113. **withal**, with.

This is the usual form of this preposition at the *end* of a clause or sentence. Cp. 5. 1. 268.

116. **the Porpentine**, i.e. the Porcupine; another eating-house.

¶ Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;
Or if you LIKE elsewhere, do it by stealth ;

This was the common spelling of the word in Shakespeare's time : cp. *Hamlet*, 1. 5. 20 :

Like quills upon the fretful *porpentine*.

122. **some hour hence**, in about an hour. "Hour" is here a disyllable, as in 2. 2. 14.

This Scene takes place in front of the "Phoenix." Antipholus of Syracuse, seated on a bench with Luciana, makes profession of his newly-conceived love to her. Why his words should give a shock to her moral feelings he is completely at a loss to understand.

This is the only reposeful episode in the play, and it is wedged in between two of the most farcical.

1-52. These musical verses form a series of quatrains with alternating rhymes.

2. **office**, duty which a husband owes to a wife.

Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board.

"Office" in 5. 1. 99 = duty which a *wife* owes to a *husband*.

3. **spring of love,** dawn of love (=your love to me). **love-springs,** tender buds or shoots (=your love to Adriana).

Luciana expresses her regret that his newly-conceived passion for her should have extinguished his tender feelings towards his wife.

For "spring of love" cp. "day-spring" (=the spring of the day), and for "spring"=bud, cp. *Venus and Adonis*, 656 :

This canker, that eats up love's tender *spring*.

4. **in building,** in the course of building.

For the changed metaphor cp. 2. 1. 96-97, and *Sonnet* 119, 11 :

And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

10. **Be not ... orator,** let not thine own tongue proclaim thine own shame.

11. **become disloyalty,** give disloyalty a grace, make at least a show of loving your wife.

12. **harbinger,** attendant.

The word strictly means one sent ahead to arrange quarters, etc.

14. **carriage,** bearing, deportment.

16. **simple,** simple-minded, foolish. **attaint,** stain, dishonour.

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe
(Being compact of credit) that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
WE IN YOUR MOTION TURN and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,

18. **at board,** at table.
19. **bastard** : here = ostensible, fair on the surface.
22. **compact of credit,** altogether made up of credulity.
23. **the arm,** the reality. **the sleeve,** the appearance.

Luciana, though speaking in the first person, is in reality pleading on behalf of her *sex* in general, and her *sister* in particular.

24. **We turn.** This is one of Shakespeare's frequent allusions to the old astronomy, which taught that the heavenly bodies revolve round the earth, each of them in its own *sphere*, from which also it derives its motion. Luciana represents the relation between husband and wife as analogous to the relation between sphere and star. Cp. Claudius' words, *Hamlet*, 4. 7. 15 :

> She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
> That, as the *star* moves not but in his *sphere*,
> I could not but by her.

Claudius here represents *himself* as the star, and *Gertrude* as the sphere, thus reversing the relations between husband and wife as they are conceived by Luciana.

27. **a little vain,** "light of tongue, not veracious". Johnson.

Than our earth's WONDER, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,
(Smoth'red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,)
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if-that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
[*He kneels at Luciana's feet.*]
O, train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy note,

31. **show not,** appear not.

32. **our earth's wonder,** the paragon of women.

Cp. "*Ferdinand.* O you wonder!— *Miranda.* No wonder, sir." *Tempest*, 1. 2. 426.

34. **conceit,** apprehension, understanding.

36. **folded,** mysterious, wrapped in obscurity.

40. **power,** witchery, magic.

44. **decline.** This word is accompanied with a profound obeisance, the speaker "suiting the action to the word, the word to the action" (*Ham.* 3. 2. 19). Cp. *Decline* your head." *Lear.* 4. 2. 22.

["Decline" is more elaborately explained by certain commentators —but have they written "with their eye on the stage" (cp. 2. 2. 114, note)? Malone explains it as="fall off, or decline from her to you"; the *Arden Shakespeare* says it is "rather more forcible than incline"; and the *Irving Shakespeare* says "decline"="incline from her towards you".]

45. **train,** allure, entice. **mermaid** is used by Shakespeare (here and elsewhere: cp. *Mids. N. Dream*, 2. 1. 150) as a synonym for "siren" (see below), but never as = the hybrid creature of popular folklore that was upwards a woman and downwards a fish.

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, Siren, for thyself, and I will dote ;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die.
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. NOT MAD, BUT MATED ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair Sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

47. **Sing, siren.** The sirens were sea-nymphs who allured seafaring men to destruction by their singing and (what is here more to the point) their distressful weeping. Their tears are alluded to in *Sonnet* 119.

48. **the silver waves.** Luciana is weeping, and Adriana too is weeping in her solitary chamber (line 42, below) is weeping.

For "silvery" as an epithet applied to tears, see *King John*, 5. 2. 46.

51. **by death.** He imagines himself being drowned in Luciana's tears.

This conceit is in the style of the love-poetry of the age in which our play was written.

52. **Love,** the Queen of Love. The speaker denies the possibility of her either drowning or sinking. Cp. *Venus and Adonis*, 149 :

> Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

54. **mated,** bewildered, confused in mind—with a quibble on the sense of "having a mate or partner".

There is another a play on "mad" and "mated" in 5. 1. 281 :

> I think you all are *mated* or stark *mad*.

The same word-play occurs in the *T. of the Shrew*, 3. 2. 246 :

> *Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?
> *Bian.* That, being *mad* herself, she's *madly mated*.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you ME love? Call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet; FOR I AM THEE.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, soft, sir! hold you still.
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. *Exit.*

58. **As good to wink,** etc. To "wink" is to shut the eyes.

"Better to gaze on your dazzling beauty, even though it make me blink, than to look away, where all is night." *Tudor Shakespeare.*

61-62. This is the same conception of marriage that was set forth more fully in 2. 2. 123-131, above.

mine own self's better part. The speaker already regards Luciana as his prospective wife, and therefore as his "better half".

Similarly Coriolanus speaks of Virgilia as "best of my flesh" (*Cor.* 5. 3. 42).

64. **my sole earth's heaven,** etc. "All the happiness that I wish on earth, and all I claim from heaven hereafter." Malone.

66. **for I am thee.** These words give compact expression to the conception contained in 61-62, above.

[To change "am" into "aim" (with some editors) hardly improves the sense, and certainly spoils the rhythm.]

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! WHERE runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. DO YOU KNOW ME, SIR? AM I DROMIO? AM I YOUR MAN? AM I MYSELF?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S What woman's man, and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me . . . I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir . . . This drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had

71. Pope begins a new Scene at this point, where, after the love-episode between Antipholus and Luciana, the broad farce is resumed. Dromio of Syracuse, rushing out of doors (*through the opening in the traverse curtain*) tells his master about his strange entertainment in the kitchen.

77. **I am an ass.** Cp. 2. 2. 202, note.

78. **besides myself,** beside myself, out of my wits.

Cp. Alas, sir, how fell you *besides* your five wits? *Tw. Night*, 4. 2. 92.

81. **due to,** under obligation to marry. **haunts,** harasses, worries with her attentions.

144 **drudge;** because she is the kitchen maid. **diviner;** because she has the gift of "inspiration" (see 2. 2. 169).

about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm; that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch.
And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.
Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the ROAD;
An-if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

150. **made of faith.** Religious faith was believed to be the only infallible protection against the malignant powers attributed to witches.

[Some editors read "flint" for "faith", but it is needless to depart from the Folio text.]

151. **a curtal dog,** a dog with a docked tail. **turn i' the wheel,** work the machine for turning the kitchen spit (cp. 1.2.44).

Dogs employed for this purpose were called "turnspits". "When any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turn round about with the weight of their own bodies, [and] so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly." Topsell, *History of Four-Footed Beasts*, 1607.

152. **post,** in post-haste. **the road,** the roadstead, where ships *ride* at anchor.

Here, however, it means the *wharf*. Cp. *Two Gent.* 2. 4. 187:

I must unto *the road*, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use.

154. **harbour,** abide, reside.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir ; lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the PORPENTINE ;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?
Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

161. **witches.** The term was applied to men as well as women : cp. 4. 4. 160.

168. **guilty to self-wrong** = 'traitor to myself" (in the previous line).

172. **ta'en**, taken, met, found.

Cp. "Though I *take* thee in the king's company." *Henry V*, 4. 1. 236.

178. **Please . . . withal**, please your wife with it, viz. the chain.

The Goldsmith had heard the *other* Antipholus say he would give the chain to the Hostess of the Porpentine—hence the singular piece of advice he proffers to this stranger.

179. **soon at supper time**, i. e. *about* supper time. He means at five o'clock (4. 1. 10).

For this idiomatic use of "soon" cp. "Come to me *soon* at night." *Merry Wives*, 2. 2. 297.

Ant. S. Made it for ME, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
Exit.
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

182-183. This admonishment sounds like a merry jest to the Goldsmith, because he regards Antipholus of Ephesus as a man "of credit infinite", and as—

Second to none who live here in the city (5. 1. 6).

So he hurries away about his next business, before Antipholus' "double" has had time to recover from his surprise or ask for an explanation.—The speech follows is a *soliloquy*.

185. **vain**, simple-minded, foolish.

Of the modern meaning of "conceited" there is no trace either in Shakespeare or in the Bible.

186. **so fair an offer'd chain**, a chain so fairly offered.

187. **shifts**, tricks, stratagems. Cp. *John*, 4. 3. 7:

I'll find a thousand *shifts* to get away.

Antipholus puts the chain round his neck, and there it remains during the rest of the play (cp. 5. 1. 17). It serves the purpose of helping the audience to distinguish between the twin brothers Antipholus in the more complicated part of the plot, which begins from this point onwards.

I'll to the Mart and there for Dromio stay. 189
If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*A public place.*]

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

2. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And SINCE I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,

[This little device of the chain shows not a little stage-craft on Shakespeare's part, though we are not certain whether the attention of readers has ever been drawn to it.]

No interval elapses between the previous Scene and the present one. The traverse curtain remains closed. The "public place" is not far from the "Phoenix" (cp. line 9, below).

1. **Pentecost**, Whitsunday; a term day, when money would fall due.

Pentecost among the Jews was a harvest festival, celebrated fifty days after the Passover. Greek *pentecoste*=the fiftieth (day). The outpouring of the Holy Ghost took place on this day (Acts 2.1), afterward called Whitsunday (White Sunday), because of the numbers of candidates—arrayed in white garments—who presented themselves at that season for baptism.

2. **since**, since that date. **importun'd you**, dunned you, troubled you for my money.

4. **guilders**. See 1. 1. 8, note.

6. **attach you**, arrest you. cp. *Henry VIII*, 1. 1. 217:

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain. At five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

[*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the "Porpentine".*]

Off. That labour may you save : see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife, and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day :
But, soft ! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Here is a warrant from
The king to *attach* Lord Montacute.

8. **is growing to me**, is accruing to me, is becoming due to me.

12. **Pleaseth you walk**, if you please to walk.

15. *Stage-direction.* Antipholus of Ephesus, as he enters, is giving orders to his servant Dromio, and does not immediately perceive the group of persons already on the stage.

16. **a rope's end**, a length of rope.

21. **a thousand pound a year**. These words show the enthusiasm with which the servant—who has "some of his mistress' marks upon his shoulders"—enters into his master's design. To be sent on such an errand gives him as much pleasure as if he had newly come into a fortune of a thousand pounds a year. He is not less elated when he comes back, bringing the rope with him (4.4.10).

Dro. E. I BUY A THOUSAND POUND A YEAR! I BUY A ROPE!
Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

22. **holp**, helped. **up** intensifies the force of the verb.

23. **promised**, i. e. to the Hostess of the "Porpentine", the inn where he went to dinner with Balthazar.

25. **Belike**, very likely. Ironical. Cp. 4. 3. 91.

27. **Saving . . . humour**, without offence to, with all respect to your merry humour.

This is modelled on the expression "saving your reverence".

The Goldsmith is slow to perceive that Antipholus is seriously offended with him.

28. **carat**. Here = the measure of *weight* used for gold.

29. **The fineness . . . gold**, the measure of the *purity* of the gold (now estimated in "carats"—pure gold being 24 carats). **chargeful fashion**, costly workmanship.

30. **odd**, roughly speaking, approximately.

34. **I am not ... present money**, "I have not the money about me, to pay you at this instant" (Schmidt).

Besides, I have some business in the town,
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house ;
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum, on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?
Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. HAVE YOU THE CHAIN ABOUT YOU ?
Ant. E. An-if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord ! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the PORPENTINE.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

37. The chain is to be bestowed upon his wife after all.

39. **will** (for "shall") "is here singularly inappropriate", says Dr. Bradley of the *O. E. D.* in his suggestive *Essay on Shakespeare's English* (*S. E.* ii. 554).

"'I will', instead of 'I shall', is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman) ; it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman) ; and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman.)" Knight.

43. **I hope, I** assume, I take for granted.

This ironical use of "I hope" occurs in 3. 1. 54, and in line 111, below. Cp. also *Henry V*, 3. 7. 77.

48. **dalliance,** idle talk to gain time.

51. **a shrew,** a nagging woman, a scold. **you first begin to brawl.** Falstaff is accused by Mrs. Quickly of trying this very game on with *her* :

2. Mer. The hour steals on! I pray you, sir, dispatch!
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
2. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
¶ Good sir, say, whether you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I RECEIVE the chain.
Ang. You know I GAVE it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

"I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you *pick a quarrel* to beguile me of it." *1 Henry IV*, 3. 3. 75.

56. **send me by some token,** send some verbal message with me to show I have come from you.

Angelo asks for a pass-word to prove that he is no impostor and can safely be entrusted with the money for the chain. Malone says that such was the common practice and phraseology of by-gone times, and gives this illustration: "My master sent me to you for his cloth, and *by the same token* he dined abroad yesterday".

[send me by is the Folio reading: "send by me" is sometimes substituted for it.]

57. **you ... breath,** you carry this little jest too far. A metaphor from hunting.

68. **how ... credit,** how much my reputation (cp. line 71, below) is at stake.

2. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; ¶ and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach YOU by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee THAT I never had!
¶ Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
¶ I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
¶ But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamium
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

78. **apparently**, openly, publicly.

81. **this sport**. The Goldsmith gets out of the officer's clutches by setting him on to arrest Antipholus in his stead.

That the Goldsmith *does* get out of the officer's clutches is evident from the fact that, when we see him next in Act 5, he is a free man.

[The incident was understood differently, however, by the Lambs: "At the conclusion of their dispute Antipholis (sic) and the Merchant were both taken away to prison together." *Tales from Shakespeare.*]

Enter Dromio of Syracuse. This servant had been sent to inquire about a bark, and is returning with tidings of his success. He mistakes Antipholus of Ephesus for his own master.

And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish SHEEP,
What SHIP of Epidamium stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

87. **fraughtage**, freight, cargo.

89. **balsamum**, balm, a resinous substance famous for its medicinal virtues. **aqua-vitae** (Latin = "water-of-life"), ardent spirits.

90. **in her trim**, ready for her voyage. A nautical expression. Cp. *Tempest*, 5. 1. 236:

> Where we, *in all her trim*, freshly beheld
> Our royal, good, and galant ship; our *master*
> Capering to eye her, etc.

92. **master**, sea-captain, skipper; as in the above quotation.

93. **peevish**, foolish, childish. Cp. 4. 4. 117.

It is a moot point whether the modern sense(="fretful") ever occurs in Shakespeare.

93-94. **sheep...ship.** In Shakespeare's time both these words were pronounced alike, as they are at this day in certain parts of England.

The quibble recurs in other plays,—see *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 73 and *Love's Labour's Lost*, 2. 1. 219.

95. **hire**: a disyllable. **waftage**, passage, conveyance by water. Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, 3. 2.

> Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
> Staying for *waftage*.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me, [sir], for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone!
¶ On, officer, to prison till it come.

Exeunt [*2. Merchant, Officer, and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! That is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

Exit.

96. It was the *other* Dromio who was sent for a rope.

105. **ducats.** These were worth about nine shillings.

This piece of money owes its name to its having been originally a *ducal* coin.

110. **Dowsabel.** The same person as "Nell" in 3. 2. 144.

This name is a favourite one in pastoral poetry for a beautiful shepherdess. Here of course it is ironical. French *douce et belle*= sweet and fair.

Cp. "...as pretty a *Dowsabell* as we should chance to see in a summer's day." *The London Prodigal.*

SCENE II

[*The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest ? Yea or no ?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?
Luc. First he deni'd you had in him no right.

This is the third full-stage Scene in the play. When the traverse curtain is drawn back, we discover a sitting-room in the "Phoenix". The Scene is the sequel to the love-episode between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana, broken off at the point where the latter says to the former, "I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will" (3. 2. 70).

2-3. "Did the gravity of his countenance show that he made love to you in earnest ?"

4. **or . . . or . . . or . . . or.** The *first* and the *third* of these are redundant.

6. **heart's meteors tilting.** An unusual figure, describing the changing facial expressions of one speaking under great excitement.

This allusion is to the phenomenon known as the *Aurora Borealis* : in sailors' nomenclature "the merry dancers". This strange atmospheric display has been likened by poets to armies meeting in the shock of battle. See *Julius Caesar*, 2. 2. 19 and *Paradise Lost*, 2. 533.

7. **no right,** any right. For "deny" followed by a negative cp. *Richard III*, 1. 3. 90 :

You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have HIS will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
STIGMATICAL IN making, worse in mind.

8. **he did me none**, he denied me my right. **spite**, vexation.

10. **true he swore.** Cp. 5. 1. 56. It was a confession that he was *false*, but as a confession there was only too much *truth* in it. **forsworn**, perjured, false to his marriage vows.

14. **an honest suit**, an honourable courtship.

16 **Did'st speak him fair?** Did you encourage him in his suit? Cp. 4. 4. 156.

17. **nor I will not**, nor will I. Double negative. **hold me still**, control myself.

18. **his**, *its*. Cp. 2. 1. 110.

19. **sere**, withered, shrivelled up.

22. **stigmatical.** "That is, *marked* or *stigmatised* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition." Johnson.

Luc. Who would be JEALOUS then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. AH, BUT I THINK HIM BETTER THAN I SAY,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.
My HEART prays for him, though my TONGUE do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.

Cp. the description of Richard the Hunchback in *3 Henry VI*, 2. 2. 136:

a foul mis-shapen *stigmatic*,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided.

Latin *stigma*=a brand put upon a criminal as a mark of disgrace.

making, make, build. Cp. "shape and *making*". *Mids. N. Dream*, 2. 1. 32.

25. **Ah, but...say.** "There is a good deal of human nature—or woman nature—in Adriana's present speech". Rolfe.

27. **Far from the nest** etc. The lapwing—called also from its cry the "peewit"—is noted for the skill with which it draws away inquisitive persons from the neighbourhood of its nest.

An English proverb says that "The lapwing cries most farthest from its nest."

Enter Dromio of Syracuse. This Dromio has been sent by Antipholus of Ephesus, who mistook him for his servant, to fetch a bag of money from the "Phoenix," a house where he was almost a total stranger. This ticklish errand, which he had shrunk from undertaking (4. 1. 112), he now performs with an address, an audacity, and a dispatch which are beyond all praise.

29. **the desk, the purse!** Cp. 4. 1. 103-105. He arrives out of breath but he goes at once to the point—the money!

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?
Dro S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? Is he well ?
Dro. S. No, he's in TARTAR LIMBO, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him ;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;
A fiend, a FAIRY, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;

32. **Tartar's limbo.** These words are a description of the debtor's prison, in the London of Shakespeare's time, known as the Compter.

"Tartar"="Tartarus", one of the names of the nether world in classical mythology. "Limbo" is strictly speaking a region *bordering* on hell, and certainly not *worse* than hell, as it is here described.

33. **A devil** etc. This realistic description is meant to excite commiseration in the hearts of the susceptible women to whom it is addressed. **in an everlasting garment**, i. e. wearing a buff jerkin, the dress formerly worn by sheriff's officers. See note on line 36, below.

"Everlasting" refers to the durability of buff. Cp. the current use of "lasting"=a kind of cloth that resists wear.

35. **a fairy.** This word is almost synonymous with "fiend" (which many editors have substituted).

"Fairy", however, not infrequently=a malignant and noxious spirit. Cp. "They are *fairies* : he that speaks to them will die". *Merry Wives*, 5. 5. 51. "From *fairies* and the tempters of the night, Guard me, [I] beseech thee". *Cymbeline*, 2. 2. 9. "No *fairy* takes" (=strikes with disease). *Hamlet*, 1. 1. 163.

Contrasting themselves with such evil-disposed spirits as these, the delicate creations of the supernatural world in *Midsummer Night's Dream* may not unjustly claim that they are "spirits of another sort" (3. 2. 388).

36. **all in buff**, completely clad in leather.

This word comes from French *buffe*=buffalo. The leather is of a dull-yellow colour.

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper ...

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter ; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? [Well], tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. ¶ This I wonder at,

Exit Luciana.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a BAND ?

Dro. S. Not on a BAND but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain ! Do you not hear it ring ?

37. **a back-friend**, a secret foe ; with allusion to the fact that a bailiff would often come upon his victim *from behind*. **a shoulder-clapper.** In an ordinary way only his familiar friend claps a man on the shoulder, but it is the duty of the bailiff to do this every time he arrests a man in the name of the law.

42. **'rested** (=arrested) **on the case** : a form of procedure, more formally described as "action upon the case".

"An action upon the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided by law". Grey.

46. **redemption**, ransom, surety, bail.

49. **on a band**, on a *bond*, a legal document by which a person *binds* himself.

Dromio had misunderstood "suit" in line 43, and now he misunderstands "band" in this line. Cp. the other Dromio's quibble "ent'red in bond", 4. 4. 128.

Adr. What, the chain ?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone...

Re-enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit—
CONCEIT, MY COMFORT AND MY INJURY. 66
Exeunt.

66. **conceit**, imagination, the creative faculty of the mind. The word in Shakespeare's time never meant "personal vanity". Cp. *Hamlet*, 3. 4. 114 :

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Adriana is Shakespeare's study of the "temperamental" wife, the woman who is at the mercy of contrary moods, and never for long in the same mood.

my comfort and my injury,—according as her feeling towards her husband oscillates between *affection* and *jealousy*. It is never *indifference*.

This temperament is well understood by poets. Cp. the last stanza of Robert Burns's poem beginning "Sensibility how charming" :

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate sweetest *pleasure*
Thrill the deepest notes of *woe*.

SCENE III

[*The Market-Place of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me ; some invite me ;
Some others give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me IN his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

The traverse curtain is again closed. This front-stage Scene represents the Market-Place of Ephesus—where Antipholus of Syracuse said he would walk (3. 2. 156) till the return of his man from the Bay, whither he had sent him to hire a bark.

1-9. The honours shown to Antipholus of Syracuse are intended for his twin brother of Ephesus, who is evidently a great favourite with his fellow-citizens. Cp. 5. 1. 4-7.

2. **well-acquainted,** well-known to them.

4. **some invite me.** Cp. 2. 1. 4.

5. **some other,** some others. Cp. 1. 1. 83, note.

7. **in,** into.

9. **therewithal,** besides, in addition.

10. **imaginary wiles,** tricks of imagination.

He thinks he is living in a dream : cp. the quotations given in the note on 2. 2. 185.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, you have got THE PICTURE of Old Adam new-apparell'd ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou mean ?

Dro. S. NOT THAT ADAM THAT KEPT THE PARADISE, BUT THAT ADAM THAT KEEPS THE PRISON ; he that

11. **Lapland sorcerers.** This country, situated in the extreme north of Europe, was erewhile reputed to be the head-quarters of witches and magicians. Only here is it alluded to in Shakespeare, but Milton has a passing reference to "Lapland witches" in *Paradise Lost*, 2. 665.

"For practice of witchcraft and sorcery", wrote Giles Fletcher in an account of this people published in 1591, "they pass all nations in the world".

12. **the picture of Old Adam.** That "Old Adam" here = the Adam of the Bible has been taken for granted by commentators from Theobald's time downwards ; yet there is no very obvious likeness between a bailiff who arrests persons for debt and the Father of Mankind.

A less ambitious interpretation might be that "Old Adam" = the name, or the by-name, of some notorious catchpole who flourished at the time when this play was written ; probably a man connected with the debtor's prison known as the Compter, and by his formidable exterior and bulldog disposition (cp. 4.2.33-37), a terror to the metropolis. The Officer who arrests Antipholus of Ephesus is described as "the picture" of "Old Adam", because he is dressed as a "double" or counterpart of this public functionary.

new-apparell'd, furnished with a new *suit*, sent about other "shoulder-clapping" work.

The Goldsmith (it will be remembered) got rid of the Officer by persuading him to arrest Antipholus (of Ephesus). Dromio wonders whether Antipholus (of Syracuse) has thrown off the Officer by getting him to arrest some *third* person.

goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel...

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band...

Ant. S. Is there any ship [that] puts forth to night? May we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night... Here are the ANGELS that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter [the Hostess of the Porpentine.]

Host. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.

19. **came behind you.** See note on 4. 2. 37. **like an evil angel,** like an attendant spirit.

Every man has a good angel who leads him in the right way, and an evil angel who tries to thwart the good angel's ministrations. See Sonnet 144. Falstaff is likened to Prince Henry's evil angel in 2 *Henry IV*, 1.2.186: "You follow the young Prince up and down, like his *ill angel*".

39. **angels.** These were English coins worth ten shillings. They received their name from the figure on them of the archangel Michael slaying the Dragon. Cp. *Merch.* of *Venice*, 2. 7. 56:

They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of *an angel*
Stamped in gold.

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Come not near her.

Host. Your man and you are MARVELLOUS MERRY, sir.
Will you go with me ? We'll MEND our dinner here ?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, HE MUST HAVE A LONG SPOON THAT MUST EAT WITH THE DEVIL.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend ! What tell'st thou me of supping ?
Thou art (as you are all) a sorceress.

47. **Is this the chain**... ? He wears it openly round his neck. Cp. 3.2. 185-186 and 5. 1. 10.

48. **Satan avoid** ! He looks upon the Hostess of the Porpentine as a sorceress, and adjures her not to come near him.

That she addresses him by his *name* (line 45, above) seems a sure proof that (like the witches in Macbeth) she "has more than mortal knowledge".

59. **marvellous merry**. The Hostess thinks that master and servant are playing a game of being afraid of her.

60. **mend our dinner here**, eke out (or supplement) at the neighbouring eating-house the dinner we had at the "Porpentine". Cp. *Henry VIII*, 1. 4. 61 :

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll *mend* it.

64. This alludes to the saying that "one should have a long spoon to eat with the devil."

This proverb is alluded to again in *Tempest*, 4.2.103.

66. **fiend**, devil.

67. **as you are all** = and so likewise are all the inhabitants of Ephesus.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
Host. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner ;
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise ; an-if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it
Host. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so ?
Ant. S. Avaunt thou witch ! ¶ Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. "Fly pride", says the peacock. Mistress, that you know.

Exeunt [*Ant. S. and Dro. S.*]

68. **I con'jure thee,** I adjure thee, I solemnly appeal to thee.

When used in this sense, the word is now accented on the *second* syllable (conjure'). For the other sense see 4.4.60, note.

72-74. **parings...a rush, a hair,** &c. Even trifling articles like these were held to be sufficient by way of earnest-money in a compact with the devil,—the future full payment being the soul of the person making the compact.

76. **an-if,** if.

77. **The devil** = the Hostess, supposed to be an *incarnation* of the devil.

80. **Avaunt,** be gone.

81. **"Fly pride", says the peacock.** This is equivalent to "Satan rebuking sin", the peacock being the type and symbol of pride.

Host. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain.
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose:
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

83. **demean himself**, behave or conduct himself. (Cp. the noun "demeanour").

"Demean oneself" is now commonly, but incorrectly, used in the sense of "*degrade* oneself"—probably by confusion with the adjective 'mean'". See *The King's English*, p. 16.

86. **Both ... denies me now.** He *refuses* to give me the ring, and will not *admit* that he promised me the chain. Zeugma.

87. **gather**, infer, deduce.

95-96. **He rush'd ... away.** We shall find that this story, false to start with, is distorted almost beyond recognition by Adriana in 5. 1. 142-144.

perforce, forcibly, by compulsion.

SCENE IV

[*A street.*]

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man : I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be ATTACH'D in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.
¶ How now, sir ! have you THAT I sent you for ?
Dro. E. Here's THAT, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where's the money ?
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

This is a front-stage Scene. The action broken off at the close of Act 4. Scene 1. is here resumed. The Goldsmith has gone, and Antipholus of Ephesus is left alone in the hands of the Officer. They are on their way to the "Phoenix" (cp. 5. l. 233-237).

3. **warrant thee**, indemnify thee against loss (cp. 121-122, below). **'rested**, arrested.

5. **lightly**, readily. **the messenger.** See note on line 9, below.

6. **attach'd**, arrested, as in 4. 1. 6.

9. **that** (which) **I sent thee for ?** He has sent this Dromio for a *rope*, and the other Dromio for *bail*. This inquiry obviously refers to the *bail*.

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for ME to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou naughty, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it BY MY LONG 'EARS. [*To the Officer.*] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home

14. **serve you**, obtain for you.

15. **To what end**, for what object.

25. **senseless** = foolish. 26. **senseless** = insensible.

31. **by my long 'ears** (= years), by the length of my time in your service. There is also a quibbling reference to the "long ears" of the animal to which he likens himself.

with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Hostess of the Porpentine, and a Schoolmaster call'd Pinch.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, "Respect your end"; or rather *prospice funem*, "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou STILL talk, like the parrot?

[*Beats Dromio.*]

Host. How say you NOW? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

¶ Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurer;

40. **wont**, is wont to carry.

44-46. Dromio, in his own eccentric way, warns his mistress to beware of the rope's end in her husband's hand.

respice finem, before you enter on an affair, let the *end* be well considered. *prospice funem*, look out for the *rope's end*!

It is remarkable that Dromio should make a pun in a dead language, but the Latin tags which abound in Shakespeare are most commonly spoken by his *clowns*.

[We here follow the reconstruction of the text proposed (but not adopted) by the *Cambridge Editors*. The Folio is unintelligible without material alteration.]

47. **still**, perpetually. Cp. "*Still* harping on my daughter." Hamlet, 2. 2. 189. **talk like the parrot**, chatter incessantly, like that bird.

48. **How say you now?** See how your husband makes an exhibition of himself! Was I not right when I brought word to you that he was mad?

50. **a conjurer.** One who professes to drive out evil spirits; an exorcist.

Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Host. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.
Ant. E. There is my hand, and LET IT FEEL YOUR EAR. 56
[*Striking him.*]
Pinch. I charge thee, SATAN, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60
Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day, 65
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut

52. **please you**...**demand**, pay you as much as you please.

53. **ecstasy**, madness. Antipholus' ungovernable rage is easily mistaken for lunacy.

57. **Satan**. Cp. 4. 3. 48. **hous'd**...**man**, who hast taken up thine abode in this man. Cp. Matth. 12. 44.

61. **doting**, talking foolishly.

63. **minion**. A term of contempt. Cp. 3. 1. 59. **customers**, *habitual* visitors. The sinister insinuation conveyed by this word finds no justification in the play.

64. **companion**, "A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*" (Steevens). **saffron**, yellow, jaundiced. Cp. "villainous *saffron*". *All's Well*, 4. 5. 3.

65. **feast it**, was riotously festive.

66. **guilty doors**. Transferred epithet.

And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home ;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame !

Ant. E. Dined at home ! ¶ Thou villain, what sayest thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out ?

Dro. E. *Perdie*, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. *Sans* fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the KITCHEN-VESTAL scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity you did. ¶ My bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

67. **denied to enter in,** forbidden to enter.

72, **sooth to say,** the truth to tell.

74. *Perdie.* A corruption of French *par Dieu,* "by God".

75. The husband has not forgotten his wife's abusive language (from behind the scenes) in Act 3, Scene 1.

78. *Certes,* I assure you. Archaic. **the kitchen-vestal.** "Her charge being" says Johnson, "like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning".

80. **In verity he did.** This beating we have not heard of before. Antipholus of Ephesus beats his servant only once on the stage, viz. when he brings him the rope.

82. **soothe him,** humour him, not *contradict* him, assent to all he says. Cp. *Venus and Adonis,* 850 :

Pinch. It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and good-will you might.
¶ But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.

King Lear's madness is treated in this *humane* manner (Cp. "Good my lord, *ssoothe* him." *Lear* 3. 4. 182); and likewise that of King Pericles ("It is not good to cross him: give him way." *Pericles*, 5. 1. 232).

83. **finds his vein**, has fallen into one of his fits of madness.

85. **suborn'd**, induced by bribes.

89. **not a rag**, not a scrap.

["Rag" was an old cant word for a farthing. See Onions's Shakespearian Glossary, s. v.]

95. Our "finder of madmen" discovers a new patient in Dromio of Ephesus. 96. **deadly**, deathly.

97. **bound...room.** To this *inhuman* treatment of the insane there are many allusions in Shakespeare.

Malvolio when subjected to it, protests thus to his mistress: "Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, kept in a dark house?" *Tw. Night*, 5. 1. 350. Cp. also the following dialogue in *Romeo and Juliet*,

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst THOU lock me forth to-day ?

¶ And why dost THOU deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling woman, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ;
But with these nails, I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him ! Let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ! The fiend is strong within him.

1. 2. 54-57 :

> *Benvolio.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?
> *Romeo.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ;
> Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
> Whipp'd and tormented, etc.

98. **thou**, viz. his wife.

99. **thou**, viz. his servant. **deny**, deny that you received.

103, 104. **Dissembling** (twice), acting a part in a conspiracy.

105. **pack**, set of confederates.

Cp. Malvolio's words, "I'll be revenged on the whole *pack* of you !" *Tw. Night*, 5. 1. 386.

106. **abject scorn**, butt for ridicule, laughing-stock.

Stage-direction. Offer, attempt with violence. Cp. 3. 1. 98.

110. **More company**, more assistance. **strong within him**. A madman's strength is proverbial. See *Much Ado*, 5. 1. 25.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? ¶ Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go.
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee e'er I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt GROWS, I will pay it.
¶ Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd,
Home to my house. ¶ O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy wanton!
Dro. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master; cry "The devil!"

117. **peevish**, foolish, as in 4. 1. 93.

122. Adriana is willing to pay the debt a *second* time in order to release her husband. (cp. 4. 2. 63).

128. **entered in bond.** Cp. the other Dromio's quibble on "band", 4. 2. 50.

Neither of the Dromios has learned "to jest in good time." This misplaced witticism still farther exasperates Antipholus of Ephesus.

130. **Be mad**, be mad in earnest, run amuck.

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go, bear him hence. ¶ Sister, go you with me.
¶ Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer, and [*Hostess.*]

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Host. When-as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
¶ Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is.
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! THEY ARE LOOSE AGAIN.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us.

132. **idly**, irrelevantly, foolishly.

146. *Stage-direction.* Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse are beside themselves with terror, being convinced that the whole city is bewitched (cp. 4. 3. 67.) When we saw them last, they were fleeing in frenzy from the Hostess of the Porpentine, whom they mistook for a sorceress. Their weapons are drawn merely in self-defence.

Exeunt all [except Ant. S. and Dro. S.] as fast as may be, frighted.

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant S. Come to the CENTAUR; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*A street before a Priory.*]

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hind'red you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

153. **our stuff**, our baggage.

158. **mountain of mad flesh**. Cp. "huge hill of flesh" (i.e. Falstaff), *1 Henry IV*, 2. 4. 269.

This is a front-stage Scene, as far as line 37, at which point the traverse curtain is thrown back, bringing the Priory into view. From that point onwards it is a full-stage Scene.

1. The Second Merchant is about to start for Persia, and wants guilders for his voyage (4. 1. 4).

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

2. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

2. Mer. Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and THAT SELF CHAIN about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
¶ Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me ; can you deny it ?

8. **His ... wealth,** I would give him credit to the extent of all I possess.

10. **self,** selfsame, very same.

Cp. "That *self* bill is urg'd." *Henry V*, 1. 1. 1.

11. **foreswore ... to have,** denied on his oath that he had.

16. **With circumstance,** i.e. inventing incidents to give colour to his falsehood. It was a "circumstantial story".

18. **the charge,** the accusation.

20. **staying on,** awaiting the end of.

Ant. S. I think I had ! I never did deny it.
2. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ?
2. Mer. These EARS of mine, thou know'st, did HEAR thee.
Fie on thee, wretch ! 'Tis pity that thou liv'st.
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee PRESENTLY, if thou dar'st stand.
2. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, [the Hostess of the Porpentine] and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! He is mad.
Some get within him ; take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a house !

23. **I think I had,** assuredly I had. The uncertainty is ironical. Cp. "I hope", 4. 1. 43.

25. **to.** Redundant.

26. **hear** is a disyllable.

30. **I'l prove mine honour,** i.e. by my sword. Cp. *Richard II,* 1. 1. 46 :

What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword [shall] *prove.*

33. **Hold, hurt him not.** A cry of anguish from the wife's heart.

34. **get within him,** run in under his sword (to disarm him).

36. **take a house** viz. for shelter. Cp. line 94, note.

Dromio has a lively prevision of the horrors of the dark room

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd !

Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was ,
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea ?
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

37. **some priory,** a convent or nunnery. The residence of a religious community ruled over by a Mother Superior called a Prioress (here an Abbess).

Stage-direction. Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse make their exit through the opening in the traverse curtain, the two parts of which are now flung back as if they represented a pair of gates. This brings into view the façade of the Priory, upon the steps of which we now behold the grave and stately figure of the Abbess.

44. **possession,** madness as it is conceived of in this play. Cp. 4. 4. 57.

45. **sour.** A disyllable.

48. **brake,** broke.

49. **wreck of sea,** shipwreck.

51. **stray'd,** caused to stray. Transitive.

(A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.)
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the COPY of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleep was hind'red by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings ;

61. **Ay, but not enough.** This passage is cited by Leigh Hunt in his *Wit and Humour* as "a pleasant specimen of the way in which a complainant may be led into self-committals by the apparent good faith of leading questions".

62. **copy**, theme, topic. **conference**, conversation.

66. **glanc'd at**, hinted at, censured.

69. **venom**, venomous, virulent.

[71. **his sleep was** : "his sleepes were". Folio.]

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st his sports were hind'red by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody [moping] and dull Melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad OR man OR beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
¶ Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adr. SHE DID BETRAY ME TO MY OWN REPROOF.

¶ Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

75. **bred** (past tense of "breed"), had its birth, was produced.

78. **Sweet recreation barr'd**, if pleasant pastime is interfered with. Absolute construction.

80. **Kinsman**, akin. "Melancholy" is *feminine* in the following line. **grim**, sad-visaged.

81. **distemperatures**, bodily disorders.

84. **mad**, madden : cp. 4. 4. 129.

88. **demean himself**, conduct himself. Cp. 4. 3. 83. note.

90. Adriana has the fairness to see the justice of the Abbess's strictures on her past dealings with her husband—this surely is of good omen for the future.

92. **enters.** More peremptory than "*shall* enter."

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. NEITHER: he took this place for SANCTUARY;
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness (for it is my office),
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a FORMAL man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

94. **sanctuary,** "a sacred asylum affording protection from any persecution."

To "break sanctuary" was a heinous crime. Cp. See *Richard III*, 42:

God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed *sanctuary*.

97. **assaying it,** trying to restore him to his senses.

100. **have no attorney but myself,** (I will) have no attorney, but will nurse my husband myself.

We have here a very striking solecism,—an "attorney" being precisely a person who acts *instead of* another.

103. **the approved means.** Happily not the dark room or the whip: the Abbess is not a *Dr. Pinch*.

105. **a formal man,** a rational human creature.

Cp. the opposite expression "poor *informal* women" (=women out of their senses), *Meas. for Meas.* 5. 1. 236.

106. **a branch and parcel,** *part* and parcel, an essential part.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your Holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*]
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.
2. *Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
2. *Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily unto this Bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus [*attended*], *and Aegeon bare-headed, with the Headsman and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

118. **dial** = clock or watch—not the *face* of one merely. Cp. "Then my *dial* goes not true." *All's Well*, 2. 5. 6.
119. **Anon**, presently.
117. **perforce**, by force.
121. **sorry**, dismal, doleful.
123. **Upon what cause**? On what errand?
126. **Against...town.** Cp. 1. 1. 13-15.

If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die ; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess !
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made Lord of me and all I had,
At your IMPORTANT letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
That desp'rately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

132. **so much we tender him,** thus much we are willing to favour him (1. 1. 150).

138. **important,** importunate, pressing. **letters.** The plural often has the singular meaning (like Latin *litterae*, a letter).

140. **That,** so that.

142-144. The nucleus of this story—now hardly recognizable owing to the many embellishments that have gathered round it—is to be found in 4. 3. 95-96. 143 **in,** into.

145. **and sent him home.** Adriana, for obvious reasons, is silent about all that relates to Dr. Pinch.

146. **take order for,** take measures to remedy. **the wrongs.** See note on 2. 2. 173.

148. **I wot not,** I do not know. **strong,** brought about by main force.

He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And then his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away, till, raising-of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this Abbey, whither we pursu'd them ;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
¶ Go, some of you, knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me.
¶ I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger [*from the "Phoenix."*].

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
My master and his man are both broke loose,

152. **with ireful passion**. But see the note on the *Stage-direction* at 4. 4. 134.

153. **raising-of**, raising, procuring.

157-158. Cp. 'Neither", line 94, above.

Stage-direction. The Messenger runs straight up to Adriana. He is too much excited to take notice of the Duke's presence.

168. **shift**, be gone, take yourself off.

169. **are...broke loose**, have ... escaped from their bonds.

Beaten the maids a-row and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
And sure (unless you send some present help)
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

Cry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. Fly, be gone!

170. **Beaten,** *have* beaten. **the maids.** Cp. 3. 4. 31. **a-row,** one after the other.

174. **preaches patience.** Mockingly of course.

175. **nicks him like a fool,** clips *his hair* in notches, thereby giving him a clownish appearance.

181. **not breath'd almost,** hardly had time to breathe.

183. **scorch your face,** with "brands of fire" (line 171, above).

186 **Ay me!** Alas! Adriana hears her husband's voice before he actually appears.

187. **borne about invisible.** Cp. line 264, below.

188. **we hous'd him.** This is very wide indeed of the truth. She and her confederates, by their threats of violence, had compelled him and Dromio to "take a house" (line 36 above).

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. ¶ Guard with halberds !

Adr. Ay me ! It is my husband ! ¶ Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey HERE ;
And now he's THERE, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke. Oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I BESTRID thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Aege. [*Aside.*] Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there !
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury !

92. **bestrid thee**, stood over your fallen body to defend it.

Such an act was not uncommon in ancient warfare. Falstaff, before the battle of Shrewsbury, says to Prince Henry : "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship." *1 Henry IV*, 5. 1. 122. Cp. "He [Coriolanus] *bestrid* an o'erpress'd Roman." *Cor.* 2. 2. 96.

took, sustained on your behalf.

195-196. No one gives heed to Aegeon's faltering speech, which is here marked as an aside.

200. **strength and height**, highest degree. **injury**, insult, affront.

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with wantons feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good Lord. Myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As THIS IS FALSE HE BURDENS ME WITHAL!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! ¶ They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.

208. **So befall my soul.** A form of oath used in asseverations.

Cp. "The Lord do so to me" (*Ruth* 1. 17), and "So do God to me" (2 *Samuel* 3. 35).

209. **Withal,** with.

This is the regular form of "with" at the *end* of a clause or sentence. Cp. *Henry V.* 1. 1. 81.

210. **on night** (OE *on niht*), a-night, at night.

214. **advised,** well advised, deliberate. (in) **what I say.**

216. **heady-rash,** hasty, thoughtless.

217. **Albeit** ("all though it be that"), though.

218-253. The Duke, having heard the wife's version, will now hear the husband's.

That goldsmith there, were he not PACK'D with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the PORPENTINE,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats ; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble mere
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere ANATOMY, a mountebank,

219. **pack'd**, leagued, combined in a plot.

221-222. **who parted...Porpentine.** See 3. 1. 114-116.

225-230. See 4. 1. 14-84.

229. **God he knows**, God knows. A colloquialism. Cp. *Richard III*, 3. 1. 26 :

> On what occasion, *God he knows*, not I.

231. **sent my peasant** (=servant) **home.** It was the *other* Dromio whom he sent for bail to the "Phoenix."

233-246. An epitome of Act, 4, Scene 4.

238. **a mere anatomy**, absolute skin and bone, a skeleton.

A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a Conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, (as 'twere), out-facing me,
Cries out, I WAS POSSESS'D ! ! Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together ;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

240. **sharp-looking,** pinched, hungry-looking. Cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, 5. 1. 41 :

Sharp misery had worn him to the bone.

This is from Romeo's description of the Apothecary,—another of the phenomenally lean men we often come across in Shakespeare's plays.

241. **a living dead man,** a man as much dead as alive.

242. **took on him** ... **conjurer,** assumed the rôle of exorcist.

Antipholus of Ephesus evidently regards the man as an impudent impostor.

244. **with no-face** ... **out-facing me,** outstaring me with that gaunt visage of his. Cp. *2 Henry VI*, 4. 10. 48-49 :

Oppose thy steady-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst *out-face* me with they looks.

Two men in Shakespeare possess the marvellous singlarity of having "no face."—Dr. Pinch has a twin brother in Holofernes, the pedant in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Cp. 5. 2. 611-612 :

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast *no face*.

To stare them out of countenance with a view of cowing their spirit appears to be a "branch and parcel" of Pinch's art in the treatment of his patients (or victims).

248. **There** merely repeats "in ... home" of the previous line.

259-260. Cp. line 23, above.

I gain'd my freedom ; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace ; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?
Ang. He had, my Lord ; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
2 Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him
After you first forswore it on the Mart ;
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant E. I never came within these Abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !
AND THIS IS FALSE YOU BURDEN ME WITHAL.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
I think you all have drunk of CIRCE's cup.
¶ If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.

265, 267. **I never came . . . I never saw,** I never have come ... I never have seen. Cp. 2. 2. 15. note.

268. An echo of his wife's words in line 209, above.

269. **intricate** refers to the multifarious charges and countercharges. **impeach,** impeachment.

270. **I think . . . Circe's cup,** "Methinks you all have become as irrational as beasts" (Malone).

Circe, in Homer's Odyssey, is a sorceress who dwelt in the island of Aeaea, and was famous for her magic arts.

You say he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. ¶ Sirrah, what say YOU ?
Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the PORPENTINE.
Host. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey here ?
Host. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. ¶ Go call the ABBESS hither.
¶ I THINK YOU ARE ALL MATED, OR STARK MAD.

Exit one to the Abbess.

Aege. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply I see a friend, will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Aege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio ?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Aege. I am sure you both of you remember ME.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

Cp. *Comus*, 50 :

> Who knows not Circe,
> The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
> Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
> And downward fell into a grovelling swine ?

272. **coldly**, temperately, dispassionately.

281. **mated** (=confounded) **or stark mad.** For the antithesis cp. 3. 2. 54, note.

290. **unbound** : (1) *literally*, released from my bonds, and (2) *figuratively*, delivered from slavery.

292. "Your fetters remind us of those lately worn by ourselves."

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Aege. Why look you STRANGE on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Aege. Oh, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my FACE.
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my VOICE?

Ant. E. NEITHER.

Aege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Aege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

295. Cp. "And Joseph saw his brethen, and he knew them, but made himself *strange* unto them, and spake roughly unto them. *Genesis*, 42. 7.

298. **careful**, full of care.

Cp. "Martha, thou art *careful* (R. V. *anxious*) about many things." *Luke* 10. 41.

deformed, deforming. Cp. "deserved" (="deserving"), *Coriolanus*, 3. 1. 292.

A list of passive participles used in an active sense is given in Franz's *Shakespeare-Grammatik*, S. 551.

299. **defeatures**, changes in my features, disfigurements.

This noun is used only twice by Shakespeare, the other instance being also in this play (2. 1. 98). Cp. *Othello*, 1. 3. 236: "*Defeat* (=disfigure) thy favour with an usurped beard."

304-306. To interpret all statements by their contraries seems to the clown, amidst this medley of contradictions, the only way to get at the truth. "Nothing is but what is not".

Aege. **Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity,**
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,

307-318. "Aegeon's passionate lamentation (*schwungvolle Klage*) reaches a height of poetry worthy even of Shakespeare's most mature tragedies." Kreyssig, *Vorlesungen*, ii. 213.

307. **Time's extremity,** the extreme rigour of Time.

308. **splitted ... tongue,** made my speech thick and indistinct.

Excess of wine is said to impair utterance in the same way as senility. Cp. "Mine own tongue *splits* what it says." *Ant. and Cleopat.* 2. 7. 130.

309. **my only son** : evidently the son lost in infancy is to him as good as dead.

310. **feeble key of untun'd cares,** *untuned* key of *feeble* cares. The epithets seem to be transposed.

"The weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief." Douce.

311. **grained,** furrowed ; rough in texture (like wood). Cp. "My *grained* ash". *Coriol.* 4. 5. 114.

A graphic picture of the rugged features of an aged man, weighed down by cares.

drizzled snow, his snowy white beard.

"Drizzled"="drizzling" (cp. "deformed", line 298, above), the beard being compared to falling snow.

313. **the conduits of my blood,** my veins and arteries. Cp. *Coriolanus*, 5. 1. 54 :

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood.

314. **night of life,** extreme old age.

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little USE to hear.
All these OLD WITNESSES—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Aege. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted ; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter the Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

315. **My wasting lamps,** these dim eyes of mine.

["My wasting lamp" is the reading of the *Arden Edition*, and this (we are told) is "obviously correct, the attraction of the 's' in 'some' causing the plural form in the Folio." This is subtle reasoning,—but does the Folio *require* emendation ?]

The figure in the text is expanded in 1 *Henry VI*, 2. 5. 8 :

These eyes, *like lamps*, whose *wasting* oil is spent.

The old man has complained of defective *sight* in line 115 and defective *hearing* in line 116, and speaks of his *eyes* and his *ears* as old, but not erring, witnesses in line 117.

316. **use,** are wont, are accustomed.

"Use" in this sense is now employed only in the past tense.

321. **sham'st to acknowledge me.** Aegeon's cup of misery is full. If the old man recognizes the young man, how can it be that the young man does not recognize the old man ?

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is GENIUS to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Aegeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. Oh, my old master! ¶ Who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man

"The identity of appearance in the brothers, which has hitherto been the mainspring of boisterous merriment, is here productive of the purest pathos." Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, p. 171.

332. **Genius**, wraith or phantasm.

The belief is wide-spread that each human being has his attendant spirit, a separable soul which at certain times has the power to abandon its seat in the body, and show itself in visible form as the likeness and counterpart of the actual man. Shakespeare refers to this ministering or tutelary spirit under the three names of "genius", "demon," and "angel." See *Macbeth*, 5. 8. 14, 3. 1. 56; *Ant. and Cleop.* 2. 3. 19-21; and *Cymb.* 4. 2. 248.

When St. Peter was released from prison, his friends at first thought that the figure that stood before them was not the apostle himself, but his *angel*, which had assumed his form and voice. *Acts* 12. 14-15.

334. **Who deciphers them?** Who shall tell the one from the other, the living man from the apparition?

For the present tense cp. "enters," line 92, above.

337. **his ghost?** Cp. note on "Genius," line 332, above. But perhaps the son refers merely to the change which seven years have wrought on his father's appearance: cp. 307-310, above.

341. **Speak, old Aegeon.** Aemilia's words remind us how closely the end (or *dénouement*) of the *Comedy of Errors* resembles

That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!

Aege. If I dream not, thou art Aemilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamium he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamium.
What then became of them I cannot tell;

that of *Pericles*.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre (it will be remembered) was visiting the shrine of Diana at Ephesus—the same city where the action of the present play is laid—when the priestess Thaisa, recognising in his altered, care-worn features the husband from whom she had been separated for fourteen years, thus addressed him:

> Oh, my lord,
> Are you not Pericles? Like him you spoke,
> Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
> A birth, a death? (5. 3. 31-34.

348. **the fatal raft,** viz., the "helpful mast" that was "splitted in the midst." 1-1-104.

649. **men of Epidamium.** Aegeon, in his narrative to the Duke, spoke of *two* vessels—one of Corinth and the other of Epidaurus. We hear now of a *third*—a ship of Epidamium, in which Aemilia was rescued.

The plight of Aemilia was more woeful than that of her husband: the alleviation which he spoke of in 1. 1.104-106 applied only to himself:

> So that in this unjust divorce of us,
> Fortune had left to *both of us alike*
> What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance [prove], —
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
¶ Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious Lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

355. **this fortune.** Her position as the Mother Superior of the Priory.

359. **her urging...sea,** the story she has just told us about her shipwreck.

360. **children,** three syllables.

362—411. The "errors" are not yet ended, not even after the mystery has been cleared up :—

1. The Duke does not know his own ward (362).
2. The wife does not know her own husband (370).
3. The servant does not know his own master (408).
4. The master does not know his own servant (409).

The incident of the re-union of the long-sundered family is so full of human pathos, that the play, a moment ago, seemed to be shaping its course to a *melodramatic* ending. But the spirit of drollery, which is the central motive of the piece, is restored with surprising rapidity by the introduction of this aftermath of "errors",—and the play will end after all as a *farce* or *interlude* and the audience will be sent away with merriment in their hearts.

"The main plot of the *Comedy of Errors* is not concerned with the search for lost ones, but was written in order to provide amusement through the comic situations arising out of the resemblance of the twins". William Poel, *Monthly Letter*, June, 1919.

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I SAY NAY TO THAT.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested ME.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we STILL did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS all arose.

371. Cp. 2. 2. 161.

374. **Did call me brother.** See 2. 2. 154 and 3. 2. 25.

380. **I think.** Cp. line 23, above.

386. **we still** (=perpetually) **did meet each other's man.** There are only *two* mistakes of this nature in the whole play. Dromio of Ephesus *once* mistook Antipholus of Syracuse for his master—when he invited him to dine at the "Phoenix" (1. 2. 41); Dromio of Syracuse *once* mistook Antipholus of Ephesus for his master—when he brought him news about the bark (4. 1. 85). In both instances the mistake was mutual,—each master supposing the stranger to be his own servant.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Host. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's ERROR
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,

391. **that diamond.** The ring worth forty ducats (4. 3. 84).

397. **sympathised,** suffered by all of us in common.

400. **Thirty-three.** This was altered to "twenty-five" by Theobald for the following reasons:

"Aegeon, in the first Scene of the First Act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother—

> My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
> At *eighteen* years became inquisitive
> After his brother—

"And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father to their meeting again at Ephesus, we learn precisely from another passage, in the Fifth Act—

> But *seven* years since, in Syracusa Bay (sic)
> Thou know'st we parted."

gone in travail. See note on 1. 1. 131.

404. **calendars...nativity.** Cp. 1. 1. 54. and 1. 2. 41.

Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me ;
After so long grief, such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.

Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou em-bark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the CEN-TAUR.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. ¶ I am your master, Dromio.
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

Exeunt [*Ant. S. and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be MY SISTER, NOT MY WIFE.

405. **a gossips' feast.** The earliest sense of "gossips" was "fellow-sponsors" (OE *godsibb* = person related to one in God.)

The duty of sponsors is to present an infant for baptism and to accept the baptismal vows in its name. They are more familiarly spoken of as "godparents".

406. **such nativity.** Johnson thought that Shakespeare wrote "festivity", but the original reading gives a superior sense.

"Aemilia has just said that, to her, her sons were not *born* till now." Steevens.

415. **kitchen'd me,** entertained me in the kitchen.

416. **my sister, not my wife.** This *jeu d'esprit*—still very popular on the boards—has a long stage history attached to it.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior; till then
lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus. [*They join hands.*]
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. *Exeunt.*

417. **my glass**, my mirror, in which I can see my own image.

418. **a sweet-fac'd youth.** Cp. *Mids. Night's Dream*, 1. 2. 88:

"You [Bottom] can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a *sweet-faced* man."

419. **walk in**, lead the way.

422. **draw cuts**, draw lots with sticks of unequal length. **for the senior**, to determine which of us is the senior.

426. **Let's go hand in hand.** Cp. *Much Ado*, 1. 1. 159-161:

Leonato. Please it your grace lead on?
Don Pedro. Your *hand*, Leonato: we will *go together*.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON "THE PICTURE OF OLD ADAM."

This is one of the most interesting, but also one of the most difficult passages in the play. The solution attempt on p. 77 does not profess to be anything more than guess-work. The following is an extract from Theobald's note in his Commentary published in 1733. We quote from the *Variorum Shakespeare* (Calcutta Edition, 1877).

"The case is this: Dromio's master (sic) had been arrested, and sent his servant (sic) home for money to redeem him; he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he mistakes (sic) for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprise—"What, have you got *rid of* the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?' For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer called old Adam new apparell'd?" The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled; and, in like manner, the sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the officer humorously a little lower calls it." Theobald.

Johnson wrote of the above: "The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended."

"It is difficult to improve on Theobald's explanation." *Arden Shakespeare.*

The present editor is inclined to see, in Dromio's description of the Fiend-like Gaoler and the Tartar-like prison to which he takes his victims, an allusion to a state of things existing in the London of Shakespeare's time. John Taylor, the Water-Poet, in his *Brood of Cormorants: a London Serieant and Jaylor*, paints a vivid picture of the miseries attending prison-life in those days, when persons apprehended for debt were at the mercy of brutal gaolers, who were wont to thrust those who could not pay their exorbitant fees into a dungeon called "the hole".—This place may be alluded to in 4. 2..32.

In 1593 the deputy warden of one of these prisons was arraigned for *murdering* certain debtors committed to his charge by wanton cruelty and neglect. Some man of this type, we think, might have been the "Old Adam", of whom the officer in our play is described as "the picture". An account of this case is given in the *New Shakespeare Transactions*, Series II, No. 10, pp. lxxxvii-lxxxix.

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albeit, although, 103.

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apparently, openly, 87.

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a-row, in a row, one after another, 107.

assur'd, betrothed, affianced, 58.

attach, arrest, 62, 81.

attaint, disgrace, 53.

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austerely, in sober fact, 70.

back-friend, adversary, 74.

baggage, good-for-nothing woman, 47.

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balsamum, balsam, a resinous substance, 68.

band, bond (with a quibble), 74.

basting, a culinary operation, 33.

basting, a dry or sound beating, 33.

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become, make becoming, 53.

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buff, a kind of leather, 73.

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carat, measure of weight for gold, 64.
carcanet, necklace, 42.
careful, anxious, 108.
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certes, I assure you, 36.
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chargeful fashion, costly workmanship, 64.
cheer, food, fare (cp. "makes good cheer"=feast), 43.
choleric, inclined to anger, 33.
circumstance, details, 92.
clean, quite, completely, 11.
coil, ado, fuss, 46.
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coldly, coolly, 107.
common, public green, playground, 31.
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companion, base fellow, 85.
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confound, destroy, 16.
confusion, ruin, 38.
Construction, change of, 11.
copy, theme, 95.
cozenage, deceit, imposture, 20.
cross me, make the sign of the cross, 39.
crow, crowbar, lever, 49.
crow, pluck a, with a person, 49.
crupper, part of a horse's trappings, 17.
curtal dog, dog with a docked tail, 59.
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deny, repudiate, 43.
detain, withhold (a chain), 28.
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disannul, annul, 12.
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for, for that, because, 5.
formal, of sound mind, 97.
forth=out; *nine* times in the play used in this sense.
fraughtage, freight, cargo, 68.
Genius, Attendant Spirit. See note on p. 111.
get within him, break in upon his guard, 93.
glanc'd at, censured, 95.
goblin, demon, 46.
gossip, make merry, 116.
gossiping, feasting and merry-making, 117.
gossips, sponsors, 116.
grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood), 109.
grow, (of a debt), accrue, 63, 90.
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hap, lot, 4.
hapless, luckless, 12.
harbinger, forerunner, messenger, 53
hatch, half-door, postern, 45.
healthful, salutary, 10.
holp, helped, 84.
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idly: absurdly, 90.
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importune, dun for money, 62.
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maw, 8.

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mickle, much, 64.

minion, favourite, 27, 47, 85.

mist of enchantment, 41.

Mock logic, 32.

mome, buffoon.

motions, proposals, 5.

mountebank, derivation of the word, 21.

new-apparell'd, new-*suited*, furnished with a new case, 77.

nick (of the hair), cut in notches, 101.

o'erwraught, defrauded, 20.

offer, attempt with violence, 50, 88, 89.

office: (1) duty a husband owes to a wife: 52; (2) duty a wife owes to a husand, 97.

Old Adam, perhaps a catchpole connected with the Counter, 77, 118.

on night, during the night, 103.

owe, own, possess, 45.

Owls, the familiars of witches, 40.

pack, set of confederates, 88.

pack'd, leagued, combined in a plot, 104.

parcel, a little part, 97.

Parrot, its talkativeness, 84.

passage, passing to and fro of people, 50.

peevish, foolish, 68, 89.

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peruse, examine attentatively, 14.

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Porpentine (The), an eating-house, 51.

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Possession, insanity conceived as due to evil spirits ruling in the mind, 94.

Post, a piece of timber in a shop, used for keeping ths score, 18.

post, post-haste, 59.

Pregnant construction, 1, 2.

presently, immediately, now, 59.

Priory, a convent under the superintendence of a Prioress, 94.

procrastinate, delay, postpone, 13.

Prospice funem, "beware the rope's end", with quible on *respice finem*, 84.

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quit, to pay or clear off, 3.

rag, scrap (a cant word for a farthing), 87.

rancorous, malignant, 1.

Respice finem, "look to the end", 63. These are the last words of a well-known adage: *Quidquid agas, prudenter agas, et respice finem.* (Whatever you engage in, act with prudence, and think of the end).

rhyme nor reason, neither, a proverbial saying, 32.

rope's end, short piece of rope used for flogging, 63. Cp. "Methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be *basted with a rope's end* two or three hours together." *Menaechmi*, Act 5.

round: (1) free of speech; (2) spherical, 26.

sans, without, 86.

Satan, the prince of hell, witches regarded as incarnations of, 79, 85.

sconce, facetious word for the head, 19, 31.
Sanctuary, the right of, 97.
senseless: (1) foolish, (2) insensible, 83.
sensible, sensitive, 63.
shoulder-clapper, facetious name for bailiff or catchpole, 74.
shrew, a vixen, a scold, 65.
shrewish, vixenish, quarrelsome, 42.
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sinking-ripe, on the point of sinking, 7.
silver waves, tears, 56.
Siren, a dangerously fascinating woman, a temptress, 55.
SOLINUS, name of the Duke of Ephesus, 1.
Sorcerers and witches, distinction drawn between, 21.
sorry, dismal, 93. Cp. "This *sorry* place" (hell). Chaucer, *Summoner's Tale*.
sot, dolt, blockhead, 40.
Sphere and star, symbolical of husband and wife, 54.
spit, an iron bar on which meat rotates before the fire, 16.
spite, vexation, 71.
sprite, archaic form of "spirit", 40.
stale, quibble on different senses of, 28.
state, dress, 27.
stand on, insist on, 19.
stigmatical, branded with deformity, 71.
still, perpetually, 84.
Stocks, "a wooden framework with five holes, into which head and feet and arms were thrust, and the prisoner left in an attitude of 'little-ease,'" 47.
stomach, quibble on, 17.
straight, straightway, 7.
strayed, misled, caused to stray, 95.
stream, the, a current in the sea, 7.
strucken, struck (of the clock), 17.
stuff, baggage, 91. Cp. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the *stuff*: they shall part alike." *1 Samuel*, 30, 40.
suborn'd, bribed, instigated secretly, 37.
supposed, imagined, suspected, 50.
suspect, suspicion, 49.
sympathised, suffered by many persons alike, 115.
Syracusa, a city of Sicily, 1.
ta'en, found, 80.
take a house, take refuge in a house, 93.
take order for, take measures to remedy, 99.
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took (of madness), seized, attacked, 98.
took on him as, pretended to be, 105.

train, allure, entice, 55.
Transferred epithet, 85.
turn i' the wheel, turn the kitchen spit, 59.
unbound, play upon the word, 107.
understand, play upon the word, 25.
ungalled estimation, unsullied reputation, 50.
usurping ivy, ivy that usurps the place of the vine, 38.
vain, foolish, 61.
vein, the fellow find his, 87. Pinch perhaps means that *Dromio* has discovered how to humour or soothe the madman.
Vine, type of a wife, 38.
vulgar, public, 50. Cp. "Unregistered in *vulgar* fame," *Ant. and Cleop.* 3. 13. 119.
waftage, conveyance by water, 68.
wafts us, beckons to us, 34.
well-advised, deliberate, 41.
will used for **shall**, 65.
wink, shut the eyes, 57.
witch, used of either sex, 60.
within him, under his guard, 93.
witnesses, old: Aegeon so described his senses of sight and hearing, 110.
wont, is wont, is accustomed, 84.
wreck of sea, shipwreck, 95.
wrong (or **wrongs**), subjective and objective uses of, 37.
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THE END.

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